The Turtle-dove (an emblem of the new Creature) her properties described.

THe Turtle-dove truely reſemble can
Of any thing, in nature, the New-man,
In heart and whole affections conſtant, pure,
Does loyall only to her choiſe endure:
Moſt ſearching, piercing ſtorms and darkeſt night,
In preſence of her Lover, ſhe doth ſlight:
But thoughts of ſeparation be ſo ſad,
Created comforts cannot make her glad:
Whiles vexing grief from ſelf-ſuſpition grows,
That his removall from her motion flows:
This Animall the Rationall ſo exceeds,
She for preferment of affection pleads.
They born again this caſe can only ſtate,
Prevail and far exceed in the debate;
For they refram'd, regain'd, reviued be,
By that anointing makes them hear and ſee
Himſelf, who ſo elects, allures and loves,
His Dove redeem'd, reproves, proves, and approves,
Moſt bleſſed they thus taught, thus fram'd, thus gain'd
To God by grace, and from the world wean'd.

Cant. 2. 12, 14. *The voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land.* 14. *O my Dove, that art in the clefts of the Rocks, in the ſecret places of the Stairs, let me ſee thy countenance, let me hear thy voice: for ſweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.*

Pſal. 68. 13. *Though ye have lien among the pots, yet ſhall ye be as the wings of a Dove, covered with ſilver, and her feathers with yellow Gold.*

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THE

TURTLE-DOVE

UNDER THE

ABSENCE & PRESENCE

OF HER ONLY

CHOISE:

OR,

DESERTION & DELIVERANCE REVIVED.

1. Ushered with the Nicodemian Passage explained in a Comparison betwixt the First and Second Birth; and closed with the Characters of the *Old* and *New Man*.
2. And seconded with a Survey of the First and Second Death; which included such a Separation-kisse betwixt two most intimate friends, the *Soul* and *Body* of *Man*.
3. And a Glimming of the First and Second Resurrection and Generall Judgement; closing with a *Song* of *Degrees*, from what we were to what we are, and from thence toward what we shall be.

By a Lover of the Celestiall Muses.

IOHN 3.8. The wind bloweth where it listeth &c.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by *Andrew Anderson*, Printer to the CITTY and COLLEDGE, *Anno DOM.* 1664.

The Presentation of the Turtle-Dove, to the Lady VISCOUNTESS of *KENMOOR*.

RIght Noble Madam, Please your Honour now,
Accept this present of a Turtle Dove,
Which in the Ark reserv'd, secure hath been,
And both the worlds, new and old hes seen;
The Nations of the old, deaths captives living,
The natives of the new, in death reviving,
She sees preserv'd from fear, from pit, from snare,
Where wretched worldlings wamble in despair:
Those old ascendent shining and shut out,
These born anew with Songs of safety shout:
Eternall purposes reveal'd she weighs,
And timous precious promises applyes,
Timely performances she truly proves,
And feels how fervently her Lover loves:
Now when you have confideratly seen
Her Songs, and found them clear and Christ-all-clean,
Then let her sweetly by your licence flie,
Amongst true mourners with her melody;
These discords well compos'd abounding there
In concords, move a sweet soul-melting air:
Ladies and Lovers, Lidia-like advert,
Till spiritual motions mollifie your heart:
That moulded new, in love true and divine,
Then in your Lovers likenesse you may shine.

AN

An Acrostick upon the Name of the Right Honourable Lady, *JEAN CAMPBEL* Viscountess of *Kenmoor*.

L *Love-bred designs from deep divine desires,*
A *A Spirit inspires, transcending humane skill,*
D *Dilating still the will with heavenly fires.*
I *Inflam'd wherewith, admires her Lover still.*
E *Elected Ladie elevated Lover.*
J *Injoy the object of thy Love sublime,*
A *Adore the dictats of thy Divine Mover:*
N *Now training thee to treasures after time.*
E *Eternall troubles, inward tryals strong*
C *Come out to make thee famous in thy sight,*
A *And manag'd be the mysteries among*
M *Make up thy life-translation unto light.*
P *Presse through the straits, the precious prize precious,*
B *Bounty bestows, and blessed Souls receive:*
E *Eternall triumphs, glorie infinite,*
L *Loves Darling comes thy comforts to compleat.*

The Minion of the Muses here,
Great Mistris of this gracious Quire,
Whose study unto self-denial
Had suffered to shine, the trial,
Should made the Muses homage do
Her Pen and Person both unto.

An Acrostick upon the name of that very Religious and Famous GENTLE-WOMAN,

MARION McKNAICHT.

More happy then imagined can be,
And blessed are such as with heart sincere,
Resolve to leave to Christ to live and die,
In Him, with Him, and for Him to appear,
O what transcendent glorie grows from grace!
None but, no not the soul refined shall
Make to appear, that Light, that Life, that peace,
Known only to the pure Possessors all.
Now, thou by grace art unto glory gone,
And gain'd the Garland of eternall blesse,
In seeing Him, who on the glorious Throne,
Created, uncreated, glory is:
Heavens Quire did sing at thy conversion sweet,
Time posts thy finall comforts to compleat.

Those names among the living worthily
Preserved be, that true Belivers be.
And such they be that truely do believe,
Who living, learn to die, dying, to live.

TO

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE, Noble, and Religious LADY,

JEAN,

VISCOUNTESS of *KENMOOR.*

Right Honourable,

BEing past controversie, and universally acknowledged, that bitter Experience is the best Teacher and School-master of fools, amongst which rank I do esteem my self to be inferior to very few, And therefore must be educate under such exercises and discipline, as the only wise Parent (who knows well the frame, disposition and inclination of every one of his children) sees meet, for instructing, rectifying, and reclaiming of the blind-born,

born ignorant, prone to all maner of perversity, out of that naturall darknesse, by the illumination of the holy Ghost, unto the life of grace whereby God makes himself known to the Elect, and themselves to themselves, and whereby they be moved to hate and abhore themselves, to love and believe Him, so clearly manifested to them, that the Devil or his instruments, from without or from within, cannot gain ground so far, against the work of his begun grace, as to raze it. Nevertheless the subtile Hunter, cruell and violent Persecutor of such as are thrusting through the strait gate, ceaseth not to prepare and set many snares privily in our way: partly by entangling our minds with too much worldly affairs and other vain inventions: and partly by presenting well-polished idols, for our humors, as means of diversion, whereby we be marred in our growth, and come slowly unto maturity. But our only good God, and gracious Father, who, out of his infinite goodnesse, hath begun, knows also how to accomplish his work in every one of his own. For proof whereof, I have made bold to let your Ladyship know, that, after many multiplied

tiplied compassions, unchangeable love, and long-sufferings, wherewith my Lord hath been driving me nearer to Himself: now at length to lead me apart, as it were, out of the world, by a singular and unexpected providence, unto the wilderness, not to be tempted by the Devil, as my dear Saviour was before me, who alone was able to endure and overcome: but to be allured and enlarged (by freedome from outward, and supply against inward intanglement) to recent the variety of most observable Dispensations wherewith I have been exercised these 70. years, and to read over the Endictment of provocations, upon the travels and troubles that I have been tossed with in that time allotted me: hereto being sustained under, and rescued from the distractions of all the trials and temptations that I have tasted of, unto this day: But specially, since the time that, by grace, I have had, in any measure, my senses exercised, to discern the benefite of his presence and Providence, ordinary and extraordinary: and the burden and bitterness of his absence, the deepest and darkest hell that the child of God meets with; and therefore carries the

name

name of Desertion, (albeit not properly) being partiall) and, blessed be the Lord) but temporall, and not according to the measure. But I forbear, knowing that the exercises of Gods children are various and all wonderfull, both in maner and measure. And seing I have found that the most sad, tart, distractive or destructive whereof I have tasted, whether upon the mind, conscience, name, means, body, or friends, have been prescribed by such wisedome, inflicted by such favour, qualified by such compassion, timed by such prescience, and sweetned by such deliverance: and thereby produced such inward consolation, that I have been overcome in admiring and adoring that depth of excellency that hath therein appeared: and thereby become desirous to impart some part thereof unto others, that the Christian Believers, who have been sustained under the like trials, feasted upon the like furniture, and delighted with the like deliverances, may take occasion to renew their songs of thanksgiving and praise to their Royal Provisor, and Captain of their Salvation.

And likewise, that such who scar at the Profession,

fession, and keep at distance by reason of the Crosse and contumelies that cleave unto the Professor, unto whom nothing is certain but what is seen and present: whereas, unto the Believer, things future and unseen for the time, be most certain: and yet will, out of curiosity, glance at every thing, as if they were making use of all things; May know that it is for want of spirituall discerning and senses, so exercised, to taste and smell the sweet fruits of a sanctified Crosse, that keeps them from closing with, and coming under the Colours of the Captain of Salvation, who leads through, and feeds with such freedom and furniture, as should make them sing under all their sufferings.

The project and end of all being, to induce and perswade unto the ardent study of this secret and saving way of God upon the soul, unto convincing and converting, whereby the faith of His eternall Love being increased, all the desires and delights of the heart may be fixed upon, and fervently intended for a Communion with Him, who is altogether delectable and only desirable.

The matter, manner and circumstances being consonant

consonant to Scripture-verity, Scripture-president, and the experience of the most sound and sincere, the figures and metaphors familiar and significant, the composing and personating thereof to the life, whereby the matter may be the more perspicuous, and leave the better impression, I trust shall not offend any. And now, most Noble and truely Religious Lady, although your Ladyship hes been honoured with the patronage of the most exquisite exercise of practicall Divinity that hes seen the light in our dayes, yet I trust your L. shall not esteem it inconsistent with that well deserved reputation enjoyed by you, that your L. name is here most deservedly prefixt as sole Lady and Mistris of this Quire; being so well versed in exercises of this nature, being also of a continued standing in the way of Christianity from your infancy, untainted and undanted by temptation or tribulation, from within or from without, how plausible or how perillous soever they have appeared: constantly keeping the path that is called holy, by the line of Truth and Righteousnesse, as the fruits of that saving faith once given to the Saints (without reversion

sion) which workes by love clear and sufficient evidence hereof, removing all grounds of suspicion of private respects or vulgar ends; and who can discern aright the vertue, or attain unto the utility of such supplies of His gracious presence and providence but such as have seen and felt, tasted and feasted upon the sweet and soul-ravishing fruits of eternall, infinite and unchangeable love, wisdome, mercy, power and faithfulnesse of God in them? The sensible fruition, whereof at some times unto the Saints, is like sweet oyntment powred out, and gives such fragrant smells, as sets the Virgins upon a Love-ardour and extasie in enquiring after Him when He seems absent, whom they have found altogether Lovely and only desirable, when in His Garden of Grace He hes been letting down the Dew of Heaven upon the spices of His own planting.

Here your Ladyship hes been nourisht, cherisht and refresht amongst your associats, flourisht and been fruitfull, and instrumentall to the comfort and encouragement of others, under the diversity of severall cases incident to these of your fellowship.

I have

I have likewise, after your Ladyship, remembered the name of that famous and memorable Matron, *Marion Macknaught*, whose memory hes left a sweet smell behind her; and whose soul is now so over-joyed in Saviour-love, that she rests superexceedingly satisfied, attending the finall consummating of all things, subject to alteration, and the glory that is to be revealed through which she hes been well guided and guarded, and after whom, and others that be gone before, Your Ladyship is advancing through the windings and mazes of this labyrinth, the task and tryall of a Christian Believer, where is to be obtained the greatest victories imaginable, and also, to be gained the richest treasures of all desirable excellencies attainable, only by the guiding of the holy Ghost, in holding fast the well twisted threed of sacred truth, whereby we make a sweet entry, a sure progresse, and a victorious retreat: whereas in letting this grip slip, we fall amongst Rocks & Robbers: and being bemisted amongst soul-murderers, head-notions, and heart-motions, perverting both wit and will unto unevitable and unrecoverable ruine, with the multi-

tude

tude who, slumbering in their sensualities, are swallowed up in the groundlesse gulf of endlesse oblivion, unlesse it please the Lord in an extraordinary way to interpose, and wonderfully worke our rescue, thereby witnessing His unsearchable soveraignity in saving some (while others are suffered to sink in their own devices) who seeing themselves self-lost and so saved; they are bred unto self-denial, simple submission unto, and sole dependance upon their guide: with songs of joyfull deliverance from dangers past, with confidence and courage for future supply.

All which, for recreation in spare houres, is offered unto your Ladyship, not being prejudiciall to your more solemn and serious exercise, wherein being daily sprinkled with the dew of grace, and throughly purified by the bloud of sprinkling, and so prepared for the places that be prepared for you: when corruption and all things corruptible being dissolved, glory and immortality put on, and you admitted (amongst others that stand by) to feast upon the superexcellencies of joyes that are in the King's face, and pleasures that be enjoyed at His right Hand for evermore, who

out

out of His eternall Love, in an incomprehensibl way of infinite wisdome hes purchased this peace this grace, this glory to all the members of th body mysticall, whereof He the glorious Head, i the fulnesse of Him who filleth all in all: An unto whose grace and faithfulness, your Ladyshi is fervently recommended, by,

Noble Madam,

Your Ladyships
most affectionate and
humble Servant,

Edinburgh, Feb. 8. 1664.

JOHN FULLARTOUN
of *Carletoun.*

THE

THE EPISTLE
TO THE
Weak and wrestling Believer.



Daughters of Jerusalem, *This weak, and wearied Pilgrim, now comming your way, who, being long detained in the house of bondage, hath been (amongst others) called out and guided through the Red-sea by a more miraculous deliverance, and guarded by a greater and better Guide than* Moses *to* Israel: *from the pursuit of more numerous enemies, and oftner at the brink of despaire untill peremptor Providences of powerfull preservation appearing, have caused the raging Seat of most dreadfull trials to recoyl for our passage, unto the utter ruine of unreconcileable enemies: and yet must take journey through a waste and wearisom wilderness, where we are broght low, and kept under by troubles and trials unexpressible: and all for our good, till we have fulfilled our course.*

And now at the length this Passenger, being arrived at the borders of the Holy-land, *and having tasted of the first fruits thereof: and thereby being incouraged to attend the appointed time, when he shall be called to passe on after those that are gone before him through* Jordan: *so long as the Priests feet stand firm in the midst of the River, with the* Ark *of the* Covenant *upon their shoulders; And in the mean time doth take occasion to recent the most notable evidences of his supply and support, under greatest crosses, conflicts, dangers, and deliverances, by mediate and immediate helps of His Presence and Providence, who hath been* his God and his Guide, his Sun and his Shield unto this day: *and therefore conceives it to be his duty, to convey some* Clusters *of the* Grapes, *as the first* Fruits *of that* Country *(for incouragement) to such as are upon their journey through the waters of* Mara, *through fiery serpents swarming in the wildernesse: and must endure what* Balak, *with the advice and device of* Balaam, *can do, that they may be the lesse afraid of these fierce assaults that they be to conflict with.*

And the sense whereof puts him upon this singing strain,

strain, and extracts from him these solemn Songs of singular deliverance from all these furious assaults and slavish fears that has infested his faith or fostered his dejections: specially unto the conviction of carnall Professors of this generation, who under the frequency of Gospel-ordinances, having attained unto the theory of Theological Truths swimming in the brain, are satisfied, and set down under a carnall security, not affected with the preciousness of the adorable Divinity that is in them: So as by sucking them in, they may sink down to the heart, and therefrom elevate the soul to presse foreward for the prize, *with such wakening and warming zeal to the glory of such multiplied mercies, in the Gospel-ministry, as might produce the sweet smelling fruits of righteousnesse, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, the proper result of true, living and saving faith, which works by love in these that, being born again, do walk in the Spirit, and discern aright in things that differ.*

The Course and Method taken, is by a Survey of four severall Subjects.

1. *The first, Upon the* First *and* Second BIRTH, *by way of Comparison betwixt the* Generation, *and* Growth *of* MAN *in* Nature: *and the* Regeneration *and* Growth *of the* NEVV MAN *in* Grace; *And closing with the* Portraict *of the* New *and* Old Man, *under the Names of* Vertue *and* Vice.

2. *The second, Upon the* Exercises *of the weak* Believing CHRISTIAN, *under* Desertion *and* Deliverance: *And closing with an* Objection *of the* Carnall Man, *answered with a* Rationall Advice *to the* Party.

3. *The third, Upon the* First *and* Second DEATH; *And closing with a* SEPARATION-KISSE *betwixt two intimate* Friends, *the* Soul *and* Body.

4. *The fourth, Upon the* First *and* Second RESURRECTIONS *and* GENERAL JUDGMENT: *And closing with a* SONG *of* DEGREES.

The first of them being a Rationall Discourse, *most tending to inform and convince the* Naturall Man.

The second Practicall, and for Spiritual Application.

The

The third for Deliberation.
The fourth for Consolation.

Which being so ordered, have been laid aside for these six years and above: Not intending that they should have seen the light, untill I had come to the possession of a greater light than is accessible under mortality. But now, in all probability, drawing near to the close of my time in the body: And by providence being in this place, where I have the offer of service assistant for that effect: and conceiving it doubtfull which of us shall see the one, or other light first, that where grace, or this where glory shines, I have now resolved to let them out, to make a Visite among the Daughters of Jerusalem; *With whom a professed Pilgrim may have much assurance of hearty welcom, for discourses: and so much the more, that he hath been admitted unto intimacy, and honoured with a kisse of the hand of so truly Noble, Religious, and Vertuous a* Lady, *under whose Patrociny he makes his appearance: but specially will be in request with such as have undertaken, or do intend to undertake the like travels: Not for the holy Grave, but for the grace of Holinesse, wherein to make our*

approaches: Not to see the place where our Lord was laid, but where he lives, and prepares for us to live with him: Not to carry with us, as a monument, some of that earth wherein our Saviour was interred for a time, but to receive the promised Comforter, who is only able to conduct, and protect, through all the passages of our Pilgrimage, to the end of our journey.

And it will be granted, that experiences are most able to make the best report for difficulties or dangers by Sea or by Land, of pooling by Robbers, or splitting on Rocks, and may be most able to guard, and give incouragement against the sons of Anak: And so much the more, as we may gather grounds of certain victory after a short Conflict: and a never-ending triumph after some transitory trials, wherein we are sustained by Him, in whom we be more then Conquerours. And that you may believe, and be established, shall be the fervent desire of

Your Fellow-pilgrim, and
Servant in Christ Jesus,

J. F.

THE

THE OCCASION AND CONTENTS OF THE ENSUING DISCOURSE.

AMongst many other innumerable testimonies of Gods unspeakable goodnesse (when contrary to all appearance or probability of expectation) there was by a gracious dispensation offered unto me, the liberty, freedom and benefite of a long wished-for retirement, I took the opportunity of the time, to take notice of the most observable passages of 72. years time passed me: Wherein for the space of 36. years from my birth, being carried by the swey of mine own naturall and native inclination, the concourse of the like company and the current of time and place.

1. First, in my minority I have had much fearfull proof of what impiety the blind-born, sin-born, wrath-born, brutish atheist is naturally poysoned with and prone unto.

2. And secondly, after the years of discretion, and the benefice of breeding a more fearfull proof of the vanity and deceit of self-confidence, upon the ground of civile carriage and commerce.

3. Thridly

3. Thirdly, and most dreadfull of all, the conviction of that villany of hypocrisie, under a formality of profession.

After all, it being the good pleasure of my God, in a time of love, by the Ministry of the Word, and convoy of the Spirit, to clear mine eyes, and open mine ears, unto a right uptaking of mine own by-past madnesse and misery, and of His marvelous long-sufferings and mercy, so as (by grace) might have both humbled me, and helped me.

And now again, for the space of other 36. years, being under the name of a standing (but more properly stammering) Professor, I have found by better (although bitter) experience, that the way of Gods Children through the wilderneſse is strawed with innumerable piercing thorns of divers afflictions and variety of temptations: And that the most searching tryals and sharpest afflictions are so unseparably conjoined, as fire and heat, under the exercise of delertion, being unto the spirituall man and renewed party a present (but temporary) hell, and yet carrying a heaven in the heart of it: Whereas the Fools paradice of sinfull pleasures produces in a short time an everlasting hell. And finding that out of the most terrifying and tormenting troubles, songs of joyful deliverance were injoyed, like sweet out of the strong, and meat out of the eater, although it should seem to the naturall man a Paradox: Yet I shall speak a word to such as are inclining to better clearneſse then as yet they have attained unto. That they would make it their study to know that the Child of God after regeneration, in whom the seed of Grace is graciously infused, by the effectuall operation of the Holy Ghost, in the ministry of the word,

whereby

whereby the new Creature is formed in the soul, where the old man of the flesh or corrupt nature, formerly carried sway without controle, that these two parties now in one person, being of as different qualities as fire and water; dispositions, designs, desires & delights, as God, the Author of the one, and Belial of the other: the one being a young and new Intrant, & the other an old possessor strongly fortified: they enter an intestine war with as great hostility, as is betwixt *Michael* and the Dragon: Where the new man endures daily incursions by the violence and subtile wranglings of the adversary, the advantage of the one proving the prejudice of the other: Which conflict being continued in the Beliver, there is prepared for beating down the old works of the Devil, and purging out the pollutions of the flesh, potions and antidots answerable to all the poyson vented upon our nature by the old serpent, and whereby we are naturally infected, untill the vice, vanity and villany of the first generation be fully mortified, and the work of grace, vertue and verity be implanted, and promoved unto maturity and perfection: And in the evidence whereof the soul is inwardly overjoyed under all the outward and temporary annoyances that she suffers, humbly submitting unto all such dispensations, finding them prove her sensible advantages, and the means of her advancement unto present growth in Grace, and hope of glory. But this being the secret work of God in His own Children, unseen and not discernable by the carnall man, in whose eyes they be but abject and despicable persons who can pretend such principles, or presume upon so unlensible grounds, not able to conceive, far lesse to give credit that such daily seen and sad sufferings, as the Believer is subject unto, could produce such sweet

soul-

soul-satisfying fruit, as can make them sing for joy, and shout for gladnesse of heart, whence flowes the most of mistakes.

And by this perpetuall repugnancy and constant opposition betwixt the spirituality of the new, and the carnality of the old man: being throughly pondered, it shall easily be agreed upon, that what is affirmed anent the beatitude of the Believer, and grounds of incouragement they have under all their most grievous afflictions, is confirmed: For it may be asserted (being generally acknowledged by all the Children of God) that the least spunk of confidence, preserved by grace in the heart of the Believer, under the conflict of faith powerfully working, produceth incompasably more real ground of true inward and spirituall comfort, then all the splendor, pomp and externall glory that the invention or imagination of man and Angel with the accession of all the cretures of the universe concentered in one, and flowing out upon the best capacitat and apprehensive person, habilitate to swim without sinking, or swelling in that Ocean of all carnall and temporary delights, without the least disturbance or annoyance unto the largest extent of time, that any of the sons of *Adam* hes attained unto; And that (although there were no more, albeit in the second place) by reason of the brevity of all these carnall, transitory and perishing pleasures, extinguishing in present stink, and closing in perpetuall torment: And the duration, accomplishment and perfection of the other in eternall glory, above all conceivings, sense or believing: Which finding, and still the more looking and delighting to see, and dive in the Majesty of that wisdom, knowledge and providence that appears in the progress of that work of His grace in His chosen, called and faithfull

faithfull Children, inferior to none of the wonders of the Lord: Excepting, first, that great and unsearchable mystery of godlinesse. 2 *Tim.* 3. 16.

2. And secondly, that secret and unseen way of infusing the seed of saving grace in the soul, for forming of the new Creature, *John* 3. 3. to the 9. Out of which considerations, from the experience attained, and insight of the breeding, formes and dispositions both of Court, Country, School and Citty, the best by breeding, and the worst by birth that can be expected of many; I have set about, composed and personate the purpose and project in this order, maner, invention and verse, under Scripture-figures and metaphors, succinct, significant, and sententious, for taking best impression upon mind, memory and affections: Not by art or humane learning, wherein I am little versed, but by the Rudiments of Christianity, and experienced observations, most materiall and applicable to the purpose.

I. And first, in the generall and whole complex of this discourse, there is held out the most blessed condition, freedom and felicity of the Church, the Spouse of Christ, and of every chosen Child of God, and Member of the Body mysticall, after Regeneration: Nevertheleſſe, of all the tryals, troubles and temptations they are to meet with in the strait way.

II. Secondly, in particular there is represented, the sad condition and sharp affliction of the Child of God under desertion, made appear in a threefold consideration.

1. First, *More felt then real.*

Debated from Page 8. to 23. Where it is made evident, that the Child of God, after Regeneration, may be wrapt under fearfull clouds of darkneſse and discouragement,

ment, and impossible to be comforted, till there come a reviving from the inward Comforter: And this is most properly Love sickness, being for tryal and prevention. *Psa.* 42, *Psa.* 30. 7, 8, 9, 10.

2. Secondly, *Real and felt.*

And this is debated from Page 23. to 49. Wherein there is notice taken of the severall most prevailing tentations, upon several ranks of persons. *viz.* The *Court-bred*, the *School-bred*, the *Countrie-bred* and the *Citty-bred*, the Civilian also, and the most savage of conversation. Nevertheless, the party deserted, not able to discern the speciall cause of the affliction, untill the means be sanctified by inward supply: And this is for chastisement and correction, tending to humiliation, *Psal.* 51. 1 *Sam.* 1. 16.

3. Thirdly, *More real then felt.*

Debated from *p.* 49. to 76. Where it is made appear, that the believer may be lying under much guilt unsensible unrill a timous wakning come: and when it is come, under much perplexity, untill a word of peace be pronounced: And this is for tryall and wakening, *Isa.* 39. 12. 2 *Sam.* 24. 10, 11, 12, 13.

III. Thridly, After all this serious debate, unto small purpose, the smoaking flax being long smoothered, and now breathed upon, it kindleth swiftly, and breaks out sweetly in an excessive flame of spirituall fervour: And whereby then, and not till then, the party being prevailed with, there appears a correspondent alteration of affections in the whole strain, and uniforme expressions of the whole Society.

1. First, The perplexed person under absence is now upon renewed sense, elevated unto a most sublime, soul-ravishing rapture, in a SONG, *p.* 76. and the continuation thereof, *p.* 77, 78.

2. Se-

2. Secondly, The Associates sympathising therewith in extasie, SONG 2. p. 79.
3. Thirdly, The continuation of the Sympathy in extasie, SONG 3. pag. 80, 81.
4. Fourthly, The Soul-rapture, upon renewed sense, again renewed, SONG 4. pag. 82, 83.
5. Fifthly, Solide grounds of spirituall security, by way of Echo, p. 84.
6. Sixthly, A timous warning to guard against carnall security, with comforts and incouragements unto chearfulnesse against trials and troubles, till he end his journy, p. 85. to 96.
7. Seventhly, The grounds of Gospel-ordinances presented under the name of the Pallace-garden: from p. 96. to 107. wherein there are nine severall MAZES making up the Garden, viz.
First, A Border of Restriction, p. 98.
Secondly, A Beam of Instruction, 99.
Thirdly, Cordials for Incouragement, 100.
Fourthly, Loves Mystery, 101.
Fifthly, The Fountain unexhaustible, 102.
Sixthly, Loves Labyrinth, 103.
Seventhly, Loves Mirrour, 104.
Eighthly, Loves Emblem, 105.
Ninthly, Loves Union, 106.
8. Eightly, The Jewel of Jewels; a Vade-mecum for heart impression and preservation p. 110. to 114.
9. Ninthly, The Symphonicall desires and delights of the Redeemed, in their retirements, closing with that Song, *Rev.* 15. 3, 4. p. 114. to 121.
10. Tenthly, A harmonious Consort, and a Song of praise, p. 121. to 126.
11. Eleventhly

11. Eleventhly, Reviving Recollections and Soliloquies, closing with the Song of all Saints, *Rev.* 7. 1. *p.* 127. to 134.

12. Twelfthly, An Objection by the mere naturall man answered, and the party advised. *p.* 134. to 142.

In all which there is represented sure grounds of solid comfort, under all the trials incident to the Child of God after regeneration, from his birth, in his life and death, and after death his soul injoyments, bodies rest and resurrection, soul and bodies second conjunction, finall absolution and endlesse beatitude, carrying, also, through the whole discourse from infallible truth, the terrours of the Law, against all that be under the Law, all tending to the serious study of keeping a Communion with God in the Spirit, with a spiritual and chearfull conversation under all dispensations, crosse or comfortable, in that humblenesse and singlenesse of heart, the fruits of saving faith which workes by love, to the praise of the Author, and our own peace.

And as to the additions of a preparatory Paradox, explained in a comparison betwixt the first and second birth going before, & a subsequent survey of the first and second death, resurrection, and generall judgement, they be hereto annexed for making compleat the intended designe of delineating the pedigree of the new Creature from the right stock of his portraict from his true Parent and Procreation, his crosses, conflicts, comforts and confidences from the right Fountain, in life and in death, his restauration from death and darkoesse unto immortall life and light of glory, from the all-glorious and ever blessed Author of his being, and this his most blessed well-being

TO

TO THE OBSERVANT READER, UPON THE ENSUING POEM.

YOu who desire to know the plain (tho strait)
Path-way, to new Jerusalems *high gate,*
Whose pav'ment bright (emboss'd with Gems, be far,
More rich and fine then the most glistring Star)
In glore excells the boundlesse saphire bounds
Of lights vast Curtain, these pure Christall-grounds,
Whose azure Canopy, and pleasant fields,
Great ground of soul-amazing wonder yeelds:
If any in designs so high aspires,
As to resolve through waters and through fires
Of tort'ring trouble, to climb the steep yee-rocks
'Twixt Heaven and earth, in spight of Satan's strocks;
And will rest satisfi'd with nothing lesse
Then Heav'n, yea, God Himself, eternall blesse,
Resolving to endure all grief, all pain,
All losse, this great prize, All in all, to gain.
Lo, here's a Pilgrim, who (being guided by
Truths sacred threed, and Gods direCting eye)
Is now come near his journies end (not frayed
By fainted fraud or vain hopes not dismayed

By

Upon the ensuing POEM.

By force, frowns, hate or groundlesse fears) expecting
Gods call to enter Jordan, *and neglecting*
Fond vanities: he's looking from the top
Of Pisgah, *by the eye of faith and hope,*
Toward the Promis'd Land, which to enjoy,
Through's time, he mainly did himself imploy:
But while God spares, soul-wasting idlenesse
He loaths, and therefore, on the Wilderne sse,
Through which he's come, and all that did befall
Him in his way there-through, and in his call
Thereto, reflecting; all he well observes,
And unto others carefully preserves;
Lo, therefore, here held forth, thou'lt clearly see,
Of Christian cases the diversity.
Sometimes rapt to the third heav'ns by loves wings,
They see their strange soul-ravishing sights, and things
Unutterably glorious, whence doth spring
Amazing joy, true peace, which makes them sing:
Here neither reason, faith, nor hope, but love,
And sense cause the soul-chariot-wheels to move.
Sometimes these soul-transporting objects be
Vail'd, whence flow darknesse, great perplexity,
Afflicting trouble, tort'ring grief of mind,
By which they are consum'd, in which they're pyn'd:
Then reason's corrupt, faith's weak, sense is gone,
Hope fails, love still remaining's left alone,
Which surely, though unsensibly, unites
The soul to Christ, Christ to the soul invites.
Lo, likewise, here thou'lt see the ground, on which
Some Christians are so toss'd, some not so much,
With their procuring causes and occasions,
Grave warnings, suting all such dispensations;

Lea

Upon the enſuing POEM.

Leſt when they be advanc'd they ſwell in pride,
And turn ſecure, then ſadly fall, or ſlide
With heartleſſe frettings, when they cannot have
All things, at all times, their vain hearts do crave:
In all which things, his words he fitly ſquares,
With ſound experience its norm, and dares
With open face avow, all here declar'd,
To have been clearly known, found, ſeen and heard:
Come therefore, read, and with all care peruſe
His words; for love to thee did cauſe him chuſe
To publiſh them: Thy good he did intend,
Next to Gods glory, and if this great end
Be reach'd, he's recompenc'd for all his pain:
Give praiſe to God, thank him, for thine's the gain.

W. G.

To my highly Honoured, and very obliging FRIEND, upon his rare and ſutable Choiſe in the enſuing POEM.

MUch honoured Sir, the ſtately peerleſſe worth
Of your high ſoaring ſpirit, is held forth
In ſlighting things terrene, divine deſiring,
With moſt undanted boldneſſe, high aſpyring,
To know, ſee, yea, injoy him, whoſe perfections
Cannot be reach'd by moſt inlarg'd conceptions
Of moſt capacious ſpirits, and deeply dyves
In theſe hid things, which knowing ſouls inlives:

Upon the ensuing POEM.

Your progresse since ingag'd in this abstruse
Deep art (being helpea by the heavenly muse)
Appears in these well fram'd lines, which contain
A Christians present toyle, but future gain.
O but your warnings wise, and counsells, be
Wholsome: convey'd with moving gravity:
Your skilfull, well tun'd Songs shew that you're taught
In heavenly Poesie, and fully fraught
With free Urania's *gifts; your lofty strain*
Holds forth a heav'n-sprung, high Poetick vein;
Surely such soul-transporting Songs, could not
By any (not transported) be begot;
How hes your soul been fill'd with rapting joyes?
O how enlarg'd by the melodious noise
Of these celestiall hosts, and glorious throngs?
How elevated by their pleasant Songs?
When such sweet parallels were by your pen
Convey'd (of so great use) to blind-born men?
Great Sir, well done, ye have not basely spent
Your noble and broody spirit (forc'd to vent
Ie self on somewhat) in devising vain
Utopian stories, which Romanticks fain,
Who husk Chymerick notions, which are not
Else where, but in the fancies brain begot:
And with high-flown deckt words, great things portend,
Which try'd, into a noysome nothing end.
Your gravity would not permit you choise
Such theams; you fancy not a birthlesse noise;
Your subject's grave, your drift's not transient pleasure,
But solide joy, true peace, these lasting treasures.

W. G.

TO

Upon the ensuing POEM.

TO THE JUDICIOUS READER.

Upon the excellency and sutableness of the AUTHOR, his Choise and Subject of the Turtle-dove in the ensuing POEM.

HO, curious Sp'rits, who love to spend your time,
In reading strange new things, in Prose or Rime:
Come here, a Creature rare describ'd you'll see,
No Monster, yet more strange then Monsters be.
She's stil'd a Turtle-dove, hereby's held forth
Her Clement Nature, Properties and Worth:
But if ye'll mark her with a searching eye,
Ye'll find her wonderfull, made wondrously:
She is begot, she's born, and yet (O strange!)
Created, nay, renew'd: Ne're such a change
Was heard of by Philosophers: Yet more,
By that same act by which she's made (adore!)
She is espous'd, yea match'd: Her Maker is
Her Lover, yea her Mate, and she's made his:
His milk's her food, her Collactaneus Mother
Sucks the same breasts, their Nurse is als their B[illegible],
Yet, both his members are. He's soul and head,
They Feasters, He's the Table and the Bread.
He's Prophet, Sacrifice, Priest, Judge and King,
They Judges, Priests and Kings with him shall reign:
And though these seem to be moe when alone,
Yet, Husband, Mother, Spouse, Nurse, makes but one.

WILLIAM GORDOUN.

The POEM with the accomplishmenes Epitomized.

BEauty and Valour many Volums prove,
To be the Object of moſt ardent Love,
And ſubject, where the moſt profound confine
Their deepeſt thoughts, both morall and Divine:
The Streams of Truth unto the Fountain leads,
Where Vertue true from verity proceeds:
Unfading Beauty does in Vertue ſhine,
And Valour ſtrong triumphs in Truth Divine:
Vertue Truth ſtill victorious doth grace,
And Truth in Vertue Beauty fair imbrace:
What foes fair Vertue to deface contend,
Truth overturns, and doth her cauſe defend.
From Truth what Rivall Vertue would allure,
Vertue diſdains, and does his death procure:
Fair Vertue does a conſtant Conflict keen,
From foes within and foes without ſuſtain:
But by the Truth her Standart-bearer ſtands
Againſt the malice of theſe mighty bands:
Moſt happy they, and right Heroick ſure,
Can faithfull hearts unto this fight procure:
But all theſe conflicts, and theſe battels be
Spirituall, and diſcerned ſpritually:
Yet carnall minds for ſubſtance ſhadows take:
But who for ſubſtance ſhadows does forſake:
True Valour, Vertue, Beauty, Love (come ſee)
The Subject of theſe Songs enſuing be;
Where ſhining in this Portraict ſhall appear,
The lineaments of a lively Chriſtian clear,
Delineat from his birth and breeding glorious,
Fraught with the Trophees of triumphs victorious.

THE

THE *NICODEMIAN PARADOX*, EXPLAINED

By a COMPARISON betwixt the Natural Generation of MAN, and the Spirituall Regeneration of the NEW CREATURE:

CLOSING

With the CHARACTERS of the OLD and NEW MAN.

THE PARADOX.

1. *Except a Man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdome of GOD.*
2. *That, before we can come to GOD, we must know our selves captives and slaves to Satan.*
3. *That, before we enter the way to Heaven, we must see our selves in the way to hell.*
4. *That the most sad Crosse produceth the most sweet fruit of most kindly comfort.*
5. *That the Believer keeps a daily Feast, and also a daily Fast.*
6. *That there is no true contentment attainable in any thing present.*

7. *That the Believer enjoyes joyes unspeakable in things unseen.*
8. *That the poor, that have nothing, possesse all things, and make many rich.*

THese, and the like of these, are unto every man in the state of nature, clear contradictions: for no Creature is able to surpasse its own Sphere.

The Vegetative attains not unto Sense.

The Animal attains not unto Reason.

The Rational can as little apprehend the things of God, which are only discernable by the Spirit of God.

The most able of men, for judgment, understanding or other parts naturall, or by learning and industry acquired, or extraordinarly given by revelation, are but common gifts of the Spirit: as proper to the Believer in grace, so to the unbeliever in nature, and by the man wholly in nature, naturally received and naturally practised.

As also, the very devils are known to have more light (by the many advantages and occasions they have of knowledge, both by experience and revelation) then all the sons of men: and although they be of a spirituall nature, yet know not, neither can they put any thing in practice, but naturally.

Yet herein further consists the unhappinesse of man.

man, that he cannot conceive, nor will he be taught to understand, that there is any more excellent happinesse attainable, than that whereunto they have attained, or may naturally come by: Whereas the Believer, after many calls, wakenings, warnings, purposes, promises, shifts and debates, being, in the peremptory time of Gods appointment, (the time of love) effectually wrought upon, by the Spirit, and word of grace and truth, unto a gracious wakning, quickened and illuminate to see themselves under darknesse, and spiritually dead without God in the world, and posting on in the way of destruction: and so deservedly, wondring that he is not long ago swallowed up in the gulf of irrecoverable wrath; Seeing also the Vail rent, and the entry made by the New and Living Way, for a gracious relief: and hereby beholding, as in a glasse, the glory of the Lord, is translated from that naturall darknesse to his marvelous light; And lanching forth into this Ocean of eternall & unconceivable love, where the deluge of unsearchable and self-destroying misery meets with the incomprehensible deeps of infinite mercy: where plunged as in the extreams of contrary Tides, swelling to such heights, being heaved (as it were) to the Region of the Air, and hurled, as if they should be instantly sunk in these death-destroying surges

surges of despair; And yet so strengthened, that they see the wonders of the Lord, who, before they be aware, commands peace to appear: maketh all quiet, and, by the breathing of a sweet and soft gale, brings safe to the shoar. And now reflecting upon the by-past and naturall lost condition: first in the guilt of the most base and irrationall revolt of Originall defection, and then in the stain and stintlesse superfluities of naughtinesse, daily sprouting out in actuall provocations, grieving Gods Spirit, and now vexing the New Man.

Observing also, and recenting the long-suffering patience, rich mercy, free grace, eternall and unchangeable love that hes followed them in that miserable condition, melted and made them up in a new mould, so as the old things are past, and all things are become new to them.

They are set upon a two-fold task, 1. Of self-detestation, as self-destroyers: and 2. Of Saviour-admiration in their deliverance, hating, denying and forsaking themselves, loving, imbracing and relying upon him in a continued fast of abstinence, from all that hes been offensive to His good Spirit, and studious to know, and delighting to do whatsoever may be well-pleasing unto Him, who hes been doing all things well for us, when we were disdaining his divine bounty: and

this

this being the vast difference betwixt the man in his naturall estate, and in the state of grace, and that no man hes ground of boasting, of any thing, in themselves more then another, and that there is no warrant to any man to despair, but for confidence, in following the means appointed, sincerely; And the matter being of greatest consequence, I have been taking the more particular notice, by way of comparison, betwixt the first and second BIRTH, and growth in a most familiar way, how any under the least degree of grace, may most easily discern what progresse they have made: And have annexed hereto the portraict, both of the new and old man, the better to inflame the affections to the love of the one, and loathing of the other:

Not that it is possible by any comparison imaginable, whether real or supposed, to decipher the unsearchable mysterious way of the spirit in the soul of the elect, in the Ordinances of conversion, or that either Ordinances or instruments can make effectuall the work of God, begetting and bringing forth the new creature unto life, without the enliving power of the spirit, of the new life, in the Ordinances: Nevertheless, seeing the Lord hes appointed, and blessed means, wherein he will shine, and whereby he dispenseth His grace; very reason is convinc'd that the means are to be followed.

And

And this comparison is no further to be stretched, then in a rationall way, to incite the reasonable party to a reverent attending, with attentiveneſſe to the Ordinances, and a confident dependance upon the truth and tenderneſſe of the Author; obedience to whoſe authority is ever well taken, and never any forſaken that have been ſincere ſeekers of Him, according to the perfect rule of Scripture-truth.

THE

THE COMPARISON.

AS the mater of the body of man, by the supreme Ordinance of God, in the ordinary act of generation is conceived, brought into form and capacitate to receive the spirit of life, and the soul being created and infused in the body, doth operate unto the perfecting of the body, and so by the Lord's singular and gracious preordination, they do become one compound creature for the discharging of the offices of an intelligible spirit, joyned with the Organs of a bodily substance, whereby to conceive, and by words and actions to expresse, according as they shall be by means ordinar, or extraordinar, naturall, or supernaturall taught, as the first Mover shall see meet: Even so, the word of the Gospel, containing the seeds of the New Man, by the Ordinance of Preaching, and the ordinar act of hearing, impressions are left upon the understanding and will, for conceiving and bringing it into form, quality and capacity, to receive the spirit of spiritual life, which creats and infuseth grace in the soul; whereby every Elect

Elect Child of God, according to God's gra-
ous preordination in this new creature, by t
efficacious operation of the Holy Ghost, is i
grafted in the Head Jesus Christ, and by th
Union inabled unto the performance of all Chr
stian duties, incumbent to the New Man; an
that by degrees, according to our growth and i
crease in knowledge and experience, either unt
doing or suffering, according as they be moved o
called thereunto.

But as in the naturall generation, after the In
fant hes received form, life, senses and faculties
but not come out unto the light, and so withou
the object and exercise of them, but lying unde
darkness in this weak condition, the brittle em-
brio is in hourly hazard of imminent destruction
from causes seen and unseen, innumerable; and of
ten proves abortive, by an over-flow or over sud-
den birth. Even so the life of grace, by the Spi
rit, and Word of the Gospel, being conceived
yet is the New Man overclouded with much na-
turall darkness: the Devil taking advantage o
the time, sets to work all his machinations, mu-
sters up all his legions, lies in ambush with swarms
of temptations, assaulting from all airts uncea-
santly: from corruption, from carnall reason,
from suggestions naturall and unnaturall, weary-
ing the poor youngling with fearfull wrestlings;

But

ut faithfully guarded against this malice by the uthor of his reviving. Only the yoke of ondage, from the undeniable endictment and itneſſe in his own guilty conſcience, dragging im back to the juſtice ſeat of a ſin revenging od, to receive the righteous doom of his own righteouſneſſe; he is under dreadfull confuſi-ns and heſitations, in hazard of miſcarriage, and ady to give over, untill it pleaſe the Lord to re-eal Himſelf more clearly, and thereby making the work of faith with power, brings out the riſoner of hope, unto the open air of the Go-el, to lay hold upon the Prince of life; and by holding Him, the Captain of our Salvation, giving His Life to the death for penitent and elieving ſinners, hes deſtroyed death, ſpoiled of the ſting and the law of its ſtrength, quie-ng the conſcience in ſatisfying juſtice, and ſo eeing the fearfull ſoul from the rigorous exacti-s of a fierce and fiery law unto a further growth grace, and the knowledge of our Lord Jeſus hriſt: But being by much weakneſſe, almoſt ercome in theſe wreſtlings, and like an unwiſe n, having ſtayed long in the breaking forth of ildren; by gracious aſſiſtance, having gained me better ground of confidence, I break out in is conteſt with my ſelf.

Ho! hellish heath, dost thou not tire to toile
Thy self, alongst this stinking *Stigian* Lake?
What canst thou like in this forsaken Soile,
Where all that drove of damned devils quake:
Ah, dost thou look for *Limbos Patrum* here,
For Purgatory, or poor Infants pain?
No, the eternall wrath of God severe
Doth ever burn, none doth return again.
Ho!lo, these swelling sulph'rous floods that roar,
Gaze no more on these griesly ghosts forlorn,
Wambling in wofull endlesse torments sore,
Blaspheming God that ever they were born.
Return, withdraw now, do ye danger dread,
Despair attends, and can ye overturn:
Thou hadst dropt down, if not upheld indeed,
Where all these ever-dying damned mourn:
He that upholds thee bids thee turn in haste,
To taste and feast upon this fervent Love:
Return, my soul, therefore unto thy rest,
Prepare thy heart His mercies force to prove:
How canst thou be so base, as misbelieve
Him, who hes shed His blood, to set thee free?
Wilt thou, by incredulity, deprive
Thy self of peace, so purchased for thee?
Thy guilty Conscience, and the Law exact
He silenc'd hes, that ye can say no more:
And now, thou may, this day, come see and take
His truth, His grace, Himself thee to restore:
Is it not now so naturall to thee.
Him to believe, since thou art born again,
As once it was His truth to vilifie,
When thou in nat'rall darknesse did remain?

Thy bands, thy bondage, all thy tort'ring terrors,
From infidelity, unpurg'd, do ſpring:
May not this ranſom now remove thy errours,
When death and hell hereby hes loſt the ſting?
The Law like the Law-maker doth remain,
Righteous and holy, ſp'rituall and juſt:
So doth thy Conſcience here bear witneſſe plain
Of what thou doſt amiſſe, for that it muſt:
But none of theſe can hinder thee to hold
The grip that thou haſt got of God, by grace:
No, they do let thee ſee that thou art ſold,
By ſin, a ſlave to ſatan, and do chaſe
Thee now, with ſpeed, timous ſupplie to take,
And wonder that thou art prevented ſo,
Before the Law thy conſcience did awake:
For then remedileſſe had been thy woe.
Thy reaſon cannot thy relief receive,
Thy guilt will ever keep thee under grief:
Then ſhalt thou ſo thine own poor ſoul deceive,
And it bereave of offered relief.
Ariſe therefore, and mourn the more for ſin,
That now, thou ſeeſt, it hes procur'd Gods ire:
Again to ſee ſlain Chriſt for thee begin,
Whoſe blood doth quench that fear'd infernall fire.
Doubtleſſe I would be fred of this wanreſt,
Wherein I wreſtle as a wretch forlorn,
Under the weight of guilt and wrath ſuppreſt,
And with the torment of theſe terrours torn:
But now I ſee I muſt for life believe
On Him, who freely loves and freely gives:
Not that for my believing I may live,
That I may live, He gives me to believe,

And firmly now to fix upon His Love
His Mercy, Truth and power infinite,
And by the motions of His Grace to move,
As He shall give assistance by His Sp'rit.

And yet, as the naturall man, before he com
to the years of discretion, by education and ex
perience, is exposed unto many dangerous trial
and troubles, wherein he is often in danger o
ruine, being like an untamed Colt, or a wild
Asse in the Wilderneſſe, snuffing up the wind
brutishly exposing himself unto the perill of peri
shing, every day, in his riot and insolency.

Right so, the new Man, albeit come out of th
womb of Regeneration, wrestled through th
straits and travels of new Birth, escaped the powe
of the Law, bondage and darkneſſe where unde
he was kept: and that for the time, corruptio
hes been kept far under, that it could not get u
the head, having tasted how good the Lord is
and doth grow up by sucking in the sincere Mil
of the Word.

Yet, the old and bold Serpent, that vigilant
subtill and restleſſe enemie of our Salvatio
sleepes not, but lyes at all advantage, by a
means, to make use of every time, under a
cases, for undoing all that God hes done in us
so far as lyes in his power.

Wh

Who seeing us so satisfied with what we have received, lets us swell a little, and then like an Angell of Light lifts us up, and leads us out of the humble and holy way of self-denyal and sincere dependence, for daily and immediate support, unto self-confidence and carnall contentment, abusing the rich mercy, and turning the free grace, received, unto wantonnesse: so that, before I was aware, was left in the dark, pestered with meny piercing temptations, and much foiled under some fearfull devices; Which perceiving, and after some serious pause, turning to my strong hold, and putting on the armour of proof, entered the fight of faith, under his Banner who overcame for me: Confident that He would also overcome in me, to the praise of the glory of His Grace, I break out in this passion.

Thou damned Devil, go to the hells and die
That never dying death, thy portion just:
Infernall Feind, fall down, and scorching ly
For ever. Why? It is thy doom, thou must
Down, down ly, die, and there thy power restrain;
The Lord reprove thy pride and malice vain.
This passion thou puts me to perforce,
Because thou dost perplex and vex me still:
Who, by thy wiles, would me from God divorce,
And dragg me after thy pernicious will:
In plots profound thy wits thou dost imploy,
By treacherous trains, poor souls for to destroy;

Thou, like a Syren, canst thy song enchant,
Untill the carnall part thereto incline:
When in resemblance thou dost seem a Saint,
This cruell craft is found in thee and thine:
The world & worldlings at thy wish thou hast,
And mine own flesh to keep me in unrest:
My facile mind thou also much dost mar,
With many foolish fantasies confuse,
And to my judgment errors also dare
Present, maintain with lies, and bid me chuse
The rules of reason and of carnall sense:
So to destroy my faith, on this pretence,
Thou sees my sins forsaken me before,
And shewst, my sorrow is below my sin,
And that to quench the wrath of God the more,
I must to mourn again for sin, begin:
So friend-like teaching me how to remeed
My own undoing, by thy treacherous deed:
And wouldst have me believe, that by repenting
I must redeem my self, or lost remain:
And so ensnare me by thy wise inventing,
And wast my substance in this subtile train;
For better wouldst thou never seek of me,
Then in these fetters perishing to see.
As if my Lord, who hath me freely loved,
Did not revive me when my life were spent:
As if, again, this Love I had not proved,
Which mov'd my heart sincerely to repent:
So as alone He hath done all for me,
That by His death I may victorious be.
Hereby again, thou dost advantage take,
Careless to make, and carnally secure,

Both sluggishly and senselesly to slack
In duties, whereto Love doth me allure:
As if His Love were not of force to guide
Me through the strain, wherein I may be tri'd.
And when my Lord (better to let me see
My self, whereof I daily stand in need)
The influence of his grace restrains from me,
Then butcher-like thou follows me with speed,
And dost surmise, that I do beat the air,
And notions print, to presse me to despair:
And when thou canst not, by thy wit, prevail,
Because I do, by faith, thy darts resist,
Then, lion-like, thou dost in arms assail,
And, by thy wicked instruments, insist
To persecute, in body, state and name,
Thereby to bring me unto publike shame.
Thus didst thou first begin with lying lewd,
And therein counterfeited, as thou can:
And then thy flatt'ry did convert to feud,
Burning in malice, to betray the man.
The Syrene first, and then the serpent grim,
Now from thy lurking hole, the Lions limb.
But now thy fury to thy face shall turn,
And vex thee in quotidian extasie
Of endlesse woe, for evermore to burn
In pain, when I am from thy spight set free:
For all thy trains shal both increase thy charge,
And for triumphs victorious us enlarge.
For certainly, what thou hast done or can,
Yet ever do: in time to come, I know,
Shall do but heap hope on the hopefull man,
And, in the end, turn to thy overthrow;

For, as he is in battell try'd, the more
Into his rest, shall be enjoy of glore.
And this I do not glosse upon in pride;
For weakneſſe, with the weakeſt, I confeſſe:
And when my Lord doth leave me to be try'd,
Then dwining do I ly in deep distreſſe:
But then, ev'n then, whole hell cannot bereave
Me of this faith, I know whom I believe.
Thus, Satan old, thou seest not how I soar
Above thy sight, upon the Eagles wing:
EMANUELS might protects me evermore,
And, in thy spight, shall me to safety bring.
So, go: for lo, I leave thee here to ly,
And, with thy mates, eternally to die.

And now again, as the naturall man, being brought to the light, and through the trials and travels incident to him, in his infancy, and undertage, unto the years of discretion and experience, is to be exercised in serious and important affairs concerning himself, his Country, and concernment: and thereby is to give proof of his gifts and endowments, grounded upon justice, temperance, prudence, and fortitude, with all other subordinate requisites: and yet meeting with so many difficulties in the progresse of his best intended and most approvable actions, is subject to much haulting, and deviation, in many things turning to his reproach.

The New Man, in like manner, being come through

through these, and many such assaults, and come up to some growth in light and experience, is to be exercised as a Professor of Christianity, and to exercise himself therein, both in his generall and particular calling, being strengthened by the gifts and grace received, both to do and endure, as it shall please the Giver to give the calling: And for this end, that he be indued with these requests.

1. *So much knowledge of himself, as may produce sincere self-denial.*
2. *So much of* GOD, *as may make up a sole dependency upon a Providence.*
3. *Faith, whereby to sacrifice his* Isaac, *his dearest darling, to the service of God, upon a known call.*
4. *A fixed confidence, that if he should slay thee, thou wilt trust in him.*
5. *Love above comparison, so far as God is above the creature.*
6. *Zeal, like* Phineas, *impartiall in the execution of justice, in the Cause of God and our Country.*
7. *Submission, in what he takes as in what he gives.*
8. *Patience, in resting quiet and confident in all he doth.*
9. *Humility, tending to the increase of grace, thankfulnesse under the crosse, as under comfort.*
10. *Chearfulnesse, so shall the joy of the* LORD *be thy strength.*

These be the approven grounds, whereby to walk with approbation: but how short every man comes in the practice, it is too well seen, whether from the world, when it flattereth or frowns, affecting or repining. And in the unregenerate part, what a filthy fume flows daily out of that stinking pudle, where the dregs and spawn of all the devilry of hell is engrossed: and but in part purged, or rather born down and kept under from out-breaking in palpable enormities: And yet the Devil knows well what coal to blow at, and how to quicken more damnable and deadly Vipers, to suck out our spirituall life, unseen or adverted unto, as, spirituall pride, carnall security under the exercise of our best actions, taking growth with our gifts: whereby God's Spirit is grieved, desertion procured, crosses, afflictions and corrections inflicted, for humbling, reclaiming, keeping under, and in order, the light and facile heart, which would miscarry unto ruine, if not prevented. But, for this misery of self-deceiving deceit, and desperate wickednesse of the heart, the many inventions it finds out (being prompted thereunto by the old Serpent) to undo it self: and how far the remnants of this corruption may prevail, even in the Regenerate, it is better seen then guarded against by too many, as much fearfull and bitter experience can witnesse.

But

But thus it becometh every one, that knows so much as that God knows the heart, to make search, till they attain to know the plague of their own heart, that they may be confounded in themselves, not lifting up their face for shame, seing God is pacified towards them for all that they have done, because of the stability of His Covenant, *Ezek.* 16. 62, 63.

But naturally every man being so conceited of himself, scarce any man will believe, that such things, as both Scripture and experience make clear to be in the heart of man, can be in his heart, but will be ready to say, *Am I a dog, that I should be tempted to do such things?* Till under the triall we become taught, by wofull proof, the folly of our faithlesnesse in our defections.

And having been much toyled in pruning and suppressing these sproutings, and superfluities of naughtinesse that are alwayes taking life in the body of death: So *Hydra*-like, that as one head is stricken off, another more monstrous and menstruous springs up to be conflicted with, from that fruitfull Scorpion of corruption which multiplies the conception, and make the burden so unsuperable, that the delivery workes her own destruction, but, by the grace of God, crushed, suppressed and partly purged out, the life of grace is preserved in the Believer.

And

And yet nevertheleſſe, there remains an itching dreg in the heart, that it will needs have ſome latitude (if no other wayes attainable) yet under pretence of lawfull liberty, for recreation or preſervation of the outward man, and under the colours, and in the ſhadow whereof, ſome well ſmelling Aple, or amiable Idol, may ſteal in and preſent it ſelf in ſuch gliſtrings, as dazels the eye of ſpiritual diſcerning; So, as the judging part is blunted and benumbed under the prevalency of this well masked and bewitching darling, or *Dalilah*, doated on unto deſtruction; and herewith being not only toyled, but often foyled, I have been driven to fall under this conception, that ſuppoſe a man, even a Child of grace, while he is under mortality, carrying the remanents of corruption within him, were raviſhed to heaven and got a blink of the bleſſe that is to be enjoyed there, and again plunged into hell to behold theſe terrible torments, prepared for impenitent ſinners, and thereafter, ſet up for a ſeaſon to act a part upon the ſtage of this world, although it ſhould not fail to ſeem to himſelf and others, that henceforth he ſhould live like a Saint upon the earth, yet let him be left a little to himſelf, and the devil permitted to try him with a bait agreeable to his humor, or an idol well trimmed to his fancy, under ſuch deceivable pretext, pretence, or other-

wiſe

wise, as the subtile serpent can well insinuate. It might be too justly feared that he should be in so great perill as ever our first Parents were in Paradice, so as to conceive a possibility of standing, but by immediate grace sustaining, it were most palpable presumption: and that the only way to preserve and increase grace, is by conversing in Heaven, keeping a Communion with God, and the frequent use of Ordinances, to lead us out of our selves, unto a sincere dependence upon God, and out of the world, so as to use it, as if we used it not, in a humble and chearfull submission unto all His gracious dispensations, whether bitter or sweet to the naturall part; which (I suppose) very hardly any man who is too conversant in the things of the world, and active about them (further then a pressing calling calls him to) can attain: the world being but the Pandor, or Cater to furnish fewell for the Old Man, to feed the affections, and inflame the fiery lusts of the flesh, the eye, and the pride of life: But it is possible with God to carry the cable through the eye of the needle, suppose the strait way must be thrust through, and the kingdome of grace and of glory taken with violence.

But, reflecting upon this Old Man, and the troubles and trials that the soul is put to under his jurisdiction, which cannot consent unto tha

law

lawleſſe law that he would maintain in the members: and to diſmantle, unmask, and ripe him up in ſome ſpecials; I have here tinkled a little at the deſcription thereof under the name of Vice. And becauſe all things directly contrar, and oppoſite one to another, together preſented, are moſt lively, and beſt diſcerned: I have therefore alſo herewith delineate the New Man, under the name of Vertue: ſo as the one and the other may allure, and procure the heart, unto the affections of deſire and deteſtation.

THE

THE PORTRAICT AND CHARACTER OF VERTUE: OR, The New Man ſhining in Vertue, DESCRIBED.

COme ye, whoſe curioſity
Rare, precious, pleaſant things would ſee:
And you who can diſcern aright
Fair Vertue in her beauties bright,
Her poſt and geſture well perceive,
Holy, humble, ſweet and grave,
So rarely mixt, ſo fairly ſhine,
So lovely, in their luſter fine;
Each in its Orb ſo ord'red ſee,
That nothing can ſo pleaſant be,
Behold her flouriſhing fore-head,
Where Generoſity doth ſpread,
Her brow's a Stage, where, joining hands,
Both Statelineſſe and meekneſſe ſtands;

Look

Look in her eyes, for there is seen
That she is prudent, chast and clean:
The comely portraict of her nose
A searching wit doth well disclose;
Her sweetest cheeks, full of delight,
All love, but loyall, banish quite;
Both strength and resolution deck
The fairnesse of her fairest neck:
Her breasts so beautifull appear,
Both liberall and frugall clear;
Her heart and hands do well agree,
In clemency and charity:
Amidst this frame of beauty fair,
A tongue wel taught and tamed, where
Expressions proper, sweet and plain,
Witnesse where wisdom doth remain:
Her noble parts her health preserves,
With nutriture the spirits serves:
Out of that store the sellers keep,
Of heavens, earth, seas their hight, their deep;
In all wherein contain'd she dives,
True good extracts to goodnes cleaves:
And doth bring out of projects ill,
The means to save was made to kill:
When stormy winds of trouble blow,
Doth firmly stand and fairly grow:
Out of afflictions she can find,
Both patience and peace of mind:
And in the midst of sorrows see,
Where best refreshments furnisht be:
Contempt and malice she doth prise
As manure rich, to make her rise:

From care, disdain, distrust and grief,
Envy, despair, of mischiefs chief,
She sees and knows, and can compose,
By all things gain, by nothing lose:
Time never can her beauty stain,
Nor tyrannie approach her gain:
Her riches are beyond the reach
Of all that policy can stretch:
Old Sathan when he comes to spoil,
At all incounters gets the foil:
Fond lust and all that carnall crew,
Her feet below she doth subdue:
Beslav'd by none, she serves her Maker,
And all her strength unto Him facer:
Deep in the Well of Life she drinks,
And feeds upon the River brinks;
Where that *Ambrosia* sweet distills,
From Sacred Truth the soul full fills:
She searches all Gods wayes, and sees
Divine and heav'nly mysteries:
Converts her food in courage strong,
And by sincerity along,
As by the nerves for new supply,
Doth act her part most chearfully:
Jointly conjoin'd by sinews sure,
Of strongest truths which do endure,
Till all her foes she does outface,
That would her fairest grace disgrace.

Objection.

But pause a little, answer here,
How may this matter so appear?

What

What fairer, rarer excellencie
Had *Adam* in his innoncencie?
How now can his rebellious race
This beauty and this blesse imbrace?
For of a man what can you crave,
If he be holy, humble, grave,
Modest, meek, generous, prudent,
Chast, courteous, lovely, sapient,
Strong, temperat, full of charity,
Circumspection, courage, clemency,
Resolute, liberall, frugall, able,
Patient, active, prompt and stable,
Possest with truth, delight and peace,
And still sincere, this grace to grace?
Whe e is the man hereof may boast,
Gods Image seing he hes lost?

Answer.

Now justly left, (it's true indeed)
None of this poysoned, perverse seed
Can to true happinesse attain,
But doats on dureless shadows vain:
And naturall gifts now never can
Accomplish or compleat a man:
But thou art carnall that objects,
And doth discover thy defects:
A little ponder, understand,
Shall that All-wise, All-working hand,
All-just, All-good, All-holy King
Misse in that most intended thing
His Eyes were on, when He gave being
To all things subject unto seeing?

Did He this ſpacious Globe erect,
And by their ſourſe the ſeas collect?
Becircled by the firmament,
Illuſtrious and ſo excellent:
With plenteous ſtore to entertain
Poor wretched men, that loſt have been:
No, from eternity He knew,
All what was paſt, what ſhould enſue:
And in a Second *Adam* ſweet,
Made man again with God to meet:
Who for the Elect Surety ſtood,
And them reſtor'd by His own Blood:
Their fleſh aſſumed for that end,
And doth His Sp'rit unto them ſend:
Which Holy Sp'rit their ſp'rit inſpires,
With ſp'rit-renewing ſacred fires,
Quickning, purging and perfuming,
Grace increaſing, vice conſuming,
Eyes, and heart, and mind inlarging,
With His Image ſuperchargings
Such ſearching ſouls as do imbrace
The ſplendor of his pleaſing face:
Rapt, and made apt, with open eyes,
To dyve in theſe excellencies:
And in that ſourſe of ſweet delight,
To feaſt upon his beauty bright:
Whereby he doth our ſouls decore,
And to his Image us reſtore:
On whom by faith firm fixed ſolely,
The whole affections are made holy,
And humble, by a ſelf-reflect
Upon thy ſelf, for ſelf neglect,

So modesty shines in the face,
And gravity, that Christian grace:
That generous Spirit that doth facer
Her self, to serve her Saving Maker:
That Sapience that far, far sees,
To compose contents from contraries:
That chastitie, that can contain
Affections all in order clean:
That love, that vertue doth allure,
And all licentious lusts can cure:
That liberall mind, that lively spreads,
And frugally preserves the seeds:
That charity, that chearfully
Knows when, how, where to give supply:
That temperance, that can subdue,
Proud passions, as they do renew;
That courtesie, that neatly can
Carry the master, like a man:
That clemencie, that can declare
The colours clear of vertue fair:
That patience, that prudence leads,
That peace, which pious Spirits feeds,
That fortitude that fairly founded,
With resolutions firmly grounded
On truth, with strong stability,
Expressed with alacrity,
Courage and circumspection, so
That never storm can overthrow
That single heart sincere and sweet,
Where comfort and delight do meet:
That sp'rit of contemplation piercing,
And heavens holy myst'ries searching,

Longing, thronging, thirſting, till
The fruit of faith the Soul full fill:
Then God, beholding the effects
That by his beams, on Saincts reflects,
And looking on that beauty rare,
Accounts and cals them ſweet and fair,
For grace, in vertue, ſo doth ſhine,
That vertue doth become divine.
This is the vertūe, I avouch'd,
The vertue that I would have touch'd;
The vertue true, that clarifies
And qualifies the qualities:
That doth illuſtrate and ingrain,
And turns in ſubſtance ſhadows vain:
That giveth ſmell and taſte unto
All that we think, or ſpeak, or do.
This vertue well accompliſh can
And compleat the Chriſtian man:
Gain this vertue, and thou ſhall
Inherit Heav'n, and Earth, and all:
More ſolide ſolace ſweet poſſeſſe,
Then heart can think, or pen expreſs:
Limb out her lineaments, conceive
Such riches where thou can receive;
Try her parts, taſte every place,
Such ſweet thou can no where embrace;
Drink her in with all deſire,
Untill ſhe ſet thy heart on fire;
Her beams, they will thy breaſt inflame,
Her ſtreams will qualifie the ſame:
Choiſe of choiſes, chief content
Of all beneath the firmament,

Search her, for she waits to see,
Who for her love will fervent be;
And if thou joine, thou shalt enjoy
That bliss, which nothing can annoy:
For then thou shalt into his Image grow,
From whom this vertue fair doth freely flow.

The Portraict and Character of the Old Man, Under the name of Vice, described.

COme you, who wonders curious are to see,
Or monsters, such as most detested be,
And you, who can indeed discern aright
(This Brat begot in hell) by heav'nly light:
Vice here behold, stript naked to the skin,
Look on her outside, see her well within:
Her port, and gesture, here how vile behold,
Vain, proud, implacable, presumptuous, bold,
Disorderly, by satans order placed,
As basely in the heart they be embraced:
Each ruling in his sphere, rounding the brain,
And heart, with humors perverse and profane:
Where generositie should bud and flourish,
Debate, deceit, there doth she neatly nourish;
There, where the truth sincerely should be stated,
Faithlesse hypocrisie is firmly seated:

Malic

Malice, envy, and horrid hatred there,
Where love ſhould move, is in her breaſt made bare;
Under the ſhew of chaſtity moſt clean,
Cloſs, impudent, incontinencie is ſeen:
Ambition, avarice, wrath and cruelty,
Watch, as they may moſt ſerviceable be:
Within a cloud of Chriſtian clemency
And humane gentleneſſe, diſſimulately
She ſets her ſubtil ſnares, for to entyſe
The weak, for ſhe in wickedneſſe is wiſe:
Her ſottiſh ſlaves who ſerve her, ſhe doth lead
Their ſouls, on ſenſual luſts to live and feed:
Or otherwiſe to pry, how to ſurprize
Their neareſt, deareſt friends, that they may riſe
To treaſure, ſtate or ſtore, honour or eaſe,
As they may their beloved Idol pleaſe.
And for thoſe ends, do ſtudy to deviſe,
By all the means that be below the skies,
Without controle, directly to content
That humor, in its fixed element.

Objection.

Can all that you have heretofore aſſerted
Be held for truth? Is poor man ſo deſerted,
And by that dev'liſh villany poſſeſt,
Which here you have ſo peremptory preſt?
Is man, who is the creature rational,
Below the brute ſo fallen by his fall?
You ſee, moſt men do ſomething civile live,
Vice miſregard, and unto vertue cleave:
It ſeems, that he doth ſome true light retain,
Suppoſe it ſuffered hath a fearfull ſtain,

And if it were as you affirm, then he
Not only should below the brutish be,
But might be ranked in degree with devils,
The Author of these specified evils.
What find we more in that apostate sp'rit,
Finall impenitency to compleat,
Then you of man, each man forlorn hath said,
Is it not for His wrack that he was made?

Answer.

Our Glorious King, Eternall, only Wise,
Almighty Mover, moved by advice
Of uncreated wisdome, that he can
No lesse have done, then well in making man:
Man was made holy, righteous and good,
But he did stumble when he should have stood
Before the tryals of the tempter slie,
And slew himself and all his progeny,
By misbelieving Him by whom he lived,
Is left to live to him whom he believed:
And being left of God, he is possest
Of all the devilry that is here expresst.
Man unregenerate is below most sure,
The vildest brute on earth, and most impure:
What Lyon, Tygre or destroying Boar,
So fervent, fierce or cruell to devour?
What can with that vild murtherer compare,
Who, for to feast his idol, will not spare
His neerest friends, brothers or native seed,
And will imbrew his hands in parricide:
And in his own hot blood, for to fulfill
His humor, give the fatall stroak and kill?

What

What Crocodil, what ſcorching Scorpion can
Obſcurely watch, to catch the prey, as man?
The beaſt, whoſe colour ev'ry obje& changes,
And that *Hienna* through the deſert ranges,
And with the voice of man, man to inſnare,
With mans hypocriſie cannot compare:
Who can pretend for Truth and Piety,
Yet tramp on Truth to raiſe himſelf, you ſee.
Who of the bruitare ſo degenerate,
As with the other kind to generate,
Or ſex, (O horrible !) but only he,
Who was appointed moſt for purity?
In ſp'rit-defilements, which no beaſt do know
Man tempted is, and thereby beaſts below:
Malice and envy in the brutiſh brood
Was never ſeen, as in our poyſon'd blood:
And man in light the liar is below,
For God he knows, and trembling ſtands in aw;
But man forſaken, now no better ſees,
Being by the liar led to follow lies:
And look what e're the devil hes to doe,
But man he finds an inſtrument thereto.
How ſhould the beaſt ſuch levies with him lead,
If man did not for him in armes proceed?
How could man for his acts apologize,
If ſatan taught him not to ſubtilize?
When the old ſerpent in the chair him ſets,
Pride and diſdain, the lying tongues he gets:
The world the avaricious gets for hyre,
And the ambitious honour at deſire:
Some unto ſatan offer ſervice will,
That they by him may gain that helliſh skill,

Them

Themſelves to help, and in malicious ſlight
Others deſtroy, out of revengefull ſpight;
Some do conceive themſelves profoundly wiſe,
Satan to ſerve them as they do deviſe;
And if ſome curious ſpirits be more ſtrange,
Incontinent, directly he can change
The bait, and lead them on the ſtars to gaze,
Put them by natures products in a maze,
By demonaicall demonſtrations feeding
The fancie, till he fix them for proceeding;
For he to all their doatings doth apply,
Gaining his gain thi• cruell craft hereby:
Apples and idols trimm'd he hes for all
Humours, that under finity can fall:
So is he ſerv'd, then doth he ſmile to ſee,
Some others wallow in their vice, and die:
For what remains of all mans naturall light,
Tends ſtill unto his more conviction right:
But that there is ſome ſort of order civil
In ſome, and that in all men ev'ry evil
Doth not appear alike, yet certainly
The ſeed of vice in every one doth ly:
In ſome, by providence, vice is reſtrain'd,
Some be, by breeding, unto vertue train'd:
Some be bound up, by bit and bridle ſo,
That what they would, they cannot come to do:
And ſome there be beyond the common line,
By ſtudy do to goodneſſe much incline:
But they not knowing right their glorious Maker,
Do not their doings to his glory ſacre:
But vainly glory in themſelves, to gain
A name and fame, which is their idol vain;

So vile an idol never yet was nam'd,
Whereby moſt men have moſt been blam'd and ſham'd,
As is vile man himſelf, more meet be placed
With devils, then with divine worſhip graced:
And yet the ſtrong man in his ſtrength wil glore,
The wordling in his wiſdome glory more,
The rich man in his treaſure put his truſt,
And doat upon himſelf in gathering duſt:
The man to contemplation addicted,
Though he, of any, leaſt can be convicted,
Yet can an aerial Image fancie feign,
And idolize the vapours of his brain:
And who is he who is not prepoſſeſt,
With ſome heart-darling, hardly diſpoſſeſt?
Even by ſuch as preſſe to purge the will
Of all that holy ſp'rituall motions kill;
No, too too much ſpirituall pride finds place,
Even where are ſown the ſeeds of ſaving grace;
How then can ſuch, as do no better ſee,
Some darling want doating whereon to be?
So that even thoſe who have aſpyred higheſt,
Have fallen ſhort and ſunken as thou ſeeſt:
Scripture indites, and conſcience gives the doom,
All fleſh is juſtly damn'd, untill he come,
Who juſtice ſatisfies for them elected
By God, from all eternity reſpected;
And now in time true members do remain,
Been born of water, and of blood again.
Thus as his juſtice glorious is clear,
So doth his merite glorious appear:
For then, when all concluded were in ſin
And under wrath, his mercy did begin

So as without all shadow of excuse,
Twice damn'd they be that this free grace refuse;
So, never think it strange that man in sin,
And vice, ly rotting, till he die therein:
For he is poysoned with the spawn of hell
And seed of satan, since he did rebell:
But wonder! O! this wonder strange behold,
Above what ever can with tongue be told,
That we, in this contagion dyed so deep,
Should cleared be, pure colours white to keep;
But set thy self thy self before in sin,
And to detest thy sinfull self begin:
Study thy self, thy Saviour then shall see
And shall preveen, thy soul-perplexity
Most timously, who knows to save alone,
And will advert unto thy hopefull moan;
Open thine ears to hear, thine heart to hold,
The marvels of those mercies manifold,
Held out so much, with such incitements sweet,
As lost man may his comforts yet compleat:
So shalt thou find, and by experience prove,
Thy Maker is thy God, that man doth love.
But if thou dost reject his voice all ting,
Thy heart in induration obduring.
Thy conscience wakened shal be witnesse sure,
Destruction to thy self thou dost procure.

THE

THE

TURTLE-DOVE,

UNDER

ABSENCE & PRESENCE

OF HER ONLY

CHOISE:

OR,

DESERTION & DELIVERANCE REVIVED.

WHEREIN

By way of DIALOGUE, in a POEM, under severall significant Figures and Allegories, the most ordinary exercises of the Child of God after Regeneration, untill, by many most searching tryals, he become strong and able to discern aright in doing and enduring, as he shall be called to it, in his way and warfare through the wildernesse to his journies end, is shadowed out.

WITH

A necessary WARNING against Security, in most secure times.

AND

Closing with a Word for wakening of the naturall Man.

Psal. 30. 7. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

ERRATA.

Page 4. Line 12. read, *his Royal*. p. 8. l. 1. r. *With cunning*. p. 10. l. 20. r. *but helpleſſe*. p. 12. l. 8. r. *thy Lover*. Ibid. l. 25. r. *World new*. p. 26. l. ult. r. *unknown fire*. p. 38. l. 12. r. *And re-deliv'ry*. p. 52. l. 14. r. *lifes reviving*. p. 55. l. 22. r. *in the blood*. p. 60. l. 13. r. *the ſtony*. p. 66. l. 13. r. *with his pernicious raves*. p. 71. l. 11. r. *then left*. p. 85. l. 9. r. *Thy Sp'rits*. p. 87. l. 7. r. *Theſe wak'nings*. p. 94. l. ult. begins the next Speaker *(Helen.)* p. 122. l. 9. r. *man's moſt deep conceiving*. p. 128. l. 29. r. *are not weighing*.

The NAMES of the Speakers in this Dialogue, and what they represent.	The Signification of the Names.
Samuel, *a learned, judicious and experienced Christian.*	Placed of God.
Jeanna, *a Honourable and Religious Lady of much experience.*	Gracious.
Helena, *a Christian afflicted in spirit under desertion, and comforted upon deliverance.*	Pittifull.
Mariona, *a Christian conversant in Heaven.*	Sweet perfume.
Grissella, *a School-bred Christian.*	Grave Lady.
Maria, *a Court-bred Christian.*	Exalted.
Anna, *a City-bred Christian.*	Mercifull.
Eliza, *a Country-bred Christian.*	God save.
Thoma, *a Civilian Justiciary converted.*	A Twin.
Andrea, *a licentious Savage converted, and become a Zealous monitor.*	Manly.
The *Echo*, Isa. 30. 21.	

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

A Noble Lady notice takes,
And many other worthies makes
Acquainted with a Christian, moved
By absence of her best Beloved.
They to her present case advert,
And do speak kindly to her heart:
Questions they do propone, explain,
Naturall, spiritual for her gain;
But under absence of her Lover
No comfort can her heart recover:
Yet they insist, that she may see
Of her mistakes the mystery;
They represent the happinesse
Of her condition, not the lesse:
Of present darknesse then debating
The mater, many questions stating,
Clearing, discussing and revolving,
She is convinc'd at the resolving;
And then so mov'd at the discourse,
By comfort coming from the sourse,
She plainly doth her self expresse,
Whereby their endeavours increase
So fervently in this pursuit,
That seasonably they reap the fruit:
O rejoyed join, Loves Songs solemnly sing
To their compassionate Comforter and King.

THE DIALOGUE.

Jeana, Samuel, Helena.

Jea. MUch graced Sir, who prudently doth ſpare
This time for recreation and repair,
Whereby we may timous occaſion take
You with our caſes to acquainted make;
Your doctrine ſound, ſincere, and ſober living,
Full confirmations be of firm believing.
For ſuch as preſent things ſo little prize,
Muſt have more permanent before their eyes.
And what can that man of this world make,
When it doth him, and he doth it forſake?
Now what we have for to impart, concerns
Another World than this vain world diſcerns.

Sam. Moſt noble and religious Lady, ſure
You are of what my ſervice can procure.
There hes a world of Believers been,
Diſperſed through this world, and unſeen:
But hated ſo, that whoſoever profeſt
Sincere believing, them did this world deteſt.
For as the Head, ſo muſt the Members be,
Repar'd by ſufferings, ere they be ſet free;

But, as our sufferings do abound, so sure
Our Captain comforts doth for us procure,
Which qualifies, and swallows up the sore,
That, by our troubles, we triumph the more.
For in this transient march, through worlds of woes,
Our heaven within-begun makes us rejoyce:
While all our furious Persecutors fell,
Their present pleasures but preceed their hell.
This, I suppose, you partly know: therefore
Propose your purpose, we shall parley more.

Jea. We know, there's nothing can preferred be
Unto that peace and true tranquillitie,
Procured by our Prince of peace and grace,
To true Believers, that do him imbrace:
And that, albeit we be the only Butt,
At whom both devils and men their arrows shoot,
Maliciously to murther by their might,
Yet are we ever conquerours in fight:
And while the wicked make their cup to flow
Of wrath, our comforts in our crosses grow,
With pleasures present, far above the pain,
Which doth but for some minuts short remain.
Much more that store, which, by believing, is
Confirm'd to them of everlasting blesse.
But we who for Professors do appear,
And make acquaintance with them most sincere,
Follow the means, and meetings on the Mountain,
Flock to the Streams of the Life-giving Fountain:
Fed with that Milk and Honey Heav'n distills,
Which every fainting, panting heart full fills.
Yet when again our King doth call us out,
And to some speciall charge we go about,

Then, ere we be aware, we are surpris'd
By subtile slights, against us that's devis'd:
So as we cannot change so many places,
But trials more we meet of diverse cases.
And for an instance clear, we do present
An *Israelite* contrite, in mourning spent,
Well known to be in duties diligent,
Grave, humble, gracious, to devotion bent:
Chearfull, and choysing, for her greatest gain,
Others unto the Well of Life to train.
But now you see, what sadnesse doth possesse
Her soul, and how her sighing doth increase:
And still, the more by us she is exhorted,
She doth the more refuse to be comforted,
And often answers us, Who can but grieve,
When he is gone, that should my grief relieve:
And that her Life, her Light, and her Delight,
In deaths dark shads, doth shut her out of sight:
Consuming daily under slavish fears,
Become benumb, beneath untimely tears.

Sa. The seed of Grace is, with such sweetnesse, shed
Into the soul, where the new birth is bred:
And she, delighted in these feelings sweet,
Cannot, with patience, pains of child-birth meet:
And, till the New-man formed be again,
From fainting cannot make the heart refrain:
So as a pleasant life we have, untill
We come to act, and there our cause we spill.
For when on duties we delight to dwell,
And are assisted, we are apt to swell:
And when we find not accesse, as we think,
Then under sadnesse we are like to sink;

But if, in sense, we were our selves denying,
And, under absence, on His grace relying:
And made our life witness our true believing,
And on believing ground our upright living:
We should attain unto some progresse then,
And so enjoy the lot of loved men.
For now Believers are by faith to act,
As if themselves most happy they could make:
And clearly yet to see themselves self-lost,
That of their actings they can nothing boast.
Like little children to the parent cleaving,
Possesse the Patent of this Royal giving:
And yet, by force of faith, through Bulwarks break,
And with all violence, the Kingdom take:
For its by grace, through faith, His gift, that we
Are safe preserved, and victorious be:
Nor may we think our daily trials strange,
Nor that to divers crosses we do change.
Till this old man of flesh be fully slain,
He's looking back to the flesh-pots again:
Made up he is of many naughty notions,
Imaginations and superfluous motions:
Must be by many strange restraints restrained,
Before he be from vice to vertue gained.
But the Believer only wonder can,
A self-lost, blind-born brute, a saved man
Become: and such to Satan slaves have been,
Adopted Sons to God, and washed clean!
To see the poyson, in our Nature spewed
By Satan, to be purged, and subdued!
To see this viperous brood in us suppresst,
And there a work of grace again encreast!

The mistery great of Godlinesse doth here,
God manifested in the flesh, appear!
The work misterious of Gods Sp'rit divine,
In our Regeneration doth shine:
The work of faith, whereby Believers feed
And fruitfull grow, by joining to their Head,
A mistery deep; for as we do imploy
Him, in his faithfulnesse, we do enjoy,
In every triall when we tempted be;
But often do mistake most fearfullie,
Whereby we do procure our own tormentings,
And call our faith in question, and repentings.
This the Believer only knows and proves,
Discerns, observes, and his Preserver loves;
For the Believer is the subject, where
God doth his glorious wonders most declare,
The portraict vile of the old man defacing,
And the new man with his own Image gracing.
There be, for the Believer, wonders wrought,
Above the apprehensions of our thought:
Wonders in the Believer daily move,
Rounded in the unbounded Orb of love:
Wonders are by Believers brought about,
That cruell tyrants cannot cancell out:
And by Believers to be enjoyed are
Joyes wonderfull, above conceiving far.
But we shall spare: for more exactly those
Matters we must debate before we close.
Now to the purpose, and the Person precious,
Whom I have seen, and still esteemed gracious,
Notable in the Assemblies of the Saints
And solemn Meetings, where Believers haunts,

I know the case, and truly see it clear,
Fraught with the fruits of faith, of love and fear:
But she is not in that condition now,
So to confesse, far lesse this to avow;
But in this sentence most succinct, I'le shew
The matter, and the meaning shall pursue:

And this it is,

"Heavens child of hope, doth faint for want of sight,
"Resolv'd to grope through darkest deeps for light:
And this assertion sure for to explain,
Take notice now, and answer you again.
You see Celestiall from terrestriall things
Exhaling vapours, that much darkness brings.
Eclipses do our naturall Sun surprise,
Which yet we see most royally arise.
The worlds first birth, from Gods most pure intention,
Eternall purpose, and divine invention,
Was made to be, by no materials
Existent, pre-existent Seminals;
In darkenesse swadled up, untill the bright
Creating word in time commanded light;
And when this light aright composed stood,
Night to preceed day-light, God saith is good.

Jea. This dispensation sad, you take, I see,
To flow from causes one or more of three:
The first from provocation, I conceive,
The second, what for triall we receive,
The third, to Soveraignity ascends,
The Cause supreme, where causes all depends.
You know, suppose that naturall things be used,
And to illustrate sp'rituall matters chused,

Spiritu

Spirituall things are not demonſtrate clearly
By naturall, that worke by nature merely:
The one by the prefixed Rule doth run,
The other Arbitrary, how and when.
And yet ſuppoſe theſe generals ſhould contain
Much to this purpoſe, when by ſearching ſeen,
Yet ye muſt nearer come, her caſe to clear
From ſuch effects as may be ſeen appear;
For if ſhe be bemiſted, left alone
In this confuſ'd condition, ſhe is gone.

Sam. Will ye not condeſcend that all things be
Good in their time appointed certainly:
And that our only wiſe and holy King
Profoundly hath contrived every thing,
Spirituall, naturall, morall, arbitrary,
Contingent, voluntar, and neceſſary,
And ordered ſo, this contrary to that,
Man may with dread and reverence ſtand thereat?

Jea. We truſt your charity hes ſo conceived
That Scripture-truths are all by us believed:
Albeit that under trials ſeverall may,
By ſtrong aſſaults, much weakneſſe oft bewray:
We know He's the ſupream and only good,
And all things to his glory do conclude:
And that ſuppoſe rejected we ſhould be,
It were our place his grace to magnifie;
His wiſdom, juſtice, truth, and holineſſe
We queſtion not, but our untowardneſſe
In not adverting to his counſels grave,
Which only could and ſhould from ſwerving ſave:
And yet our tender Lover hath appointed,
And with ſpirituall unction hath anointed,

With

With coming some, and cordialls stor'd that be,
Soveraign for Soul-diseases seasonablie.
'Mongst whom ye be of speciall esteem,
In binding up the wounds that desperat seem.
I pray you speak in proper speeches plain,
As this perplexed party best may gain:
And lead us in these mysteries divine,
Untill the Sun begin again to shine.

Sam. I know it worthy of our pains shall prove,
To dyve in this deep mystery of love:
Therefore I shall not spare to condescend,
Some of our precious time herein to spend.
This mourning Bride (sure) has propined been
With precious, sweet sp'rit-consolations clean,
Whereby the King of Kings doth recreate,
Repleniſh, purifie, and elevate
The soul that to espouse he is, whereby
She in his absence sick of love doth ly.

Jea. Be pleas'd more specially us to acquaint
With these so precious presents, and how sent,
And how received, that so effectuall prove,
As to procure such firm and fervent love.

Sam. He cleared hes her blear'd and blinded eyes,
Inflam'd her heart, so as she feels and sees.
Her Comforter convey himself with kissings,
And breath into her soul supernall blessings:
The beauty of whose visage her invites
To trace him out when he doth make retreats;
For in her heart so hes he shed that seed,
Which her affections after him doth lead:
And at a word, created now anew,
She bids the whole Creation adiew,

And in this Sphere of Love celeſtial ſoare,
Not ſtooping to terreſtriall triffles more,
Untill her Lover come, and do relieve
Her weighted ſp'rit, and heart contrite revive.
Jea. Why doth ſhe not in patience poſſeſſe
Her ſoul, and ſo attend his timouſneſſe?
Sam. Baſeneſſe of mind ſuch patience ſhe eſteems,
Which would ſuſpend her of theſe warming beams,
By influence whereof ſhe alone doth live,
And therefore cloſely unto him doth cleave.
Jea. But is her project lawfull? let me know.
Sam. True love was never limited by law.
Jea. But earthly minds in mounting high do burn.
Sam. The Spirit by habit heavenly doth turn.
Jea. Doth ſhe the body then the more diſdain?
Sam. No, but doth tune it to a ſp'rituall ſtrain:
For it's the organ ordained for to ſing
The praiſes of her Lovely Prince and King.
Jea. How doth ſhe then ſo ſadly ly and ſtill?
Sam. She doth attend his preſence and his will,
Preparing ſtraight his praiſes to expreſſe,
But, till his coming, lurks in heavineſſe.
Jea. But where is then the hold of Faith and Hope
Faſt held, but preſſing nearer hard to grope,
Deſiring ſtill the Marriage-day to ſee,
When in His Robes ſhe may arrayed be.
And joyning then his ſweet ſoul-feeding face,
Her firm affections fervent may imbrace.
Hele. Poor Pilgrim I, in dole and deep unreſt,
For want of Faith, with helliſh fears ſuppreſt,
Here wandring as a woefull wretch alone,
So void of ſenſe, can do no more but moan.

Unworthy

Unworthy of respect, regard, or view,
Much lesse your face, my spirits to renew:
It is my wonder that your worth should stay,
So to respect this crooked clog of clay,
So hardned, that affections cannot melt
To mold a new, by any motions felt:
Yet happy you, you Blessings do procure,
Who would conduct, and doth instruct the poor:
But from the wayes of wisdome I have gone
So far astray, that I may mourn alone,
And groan for grief, now when I cannot mend,
But all my dayes in dole and dolor spend:
And for to understand your friendly speech,
Or meaning thereof, hardly can I reach.
But true it is, sometimes I have expresst
Some secrets that should not have been confesst,
Of feelings sweet, above expression far,
Which for the time but seeming shadows are:
For now deserted, like a desart owle,
I hopelesse ly, and can but hopelesse howle;
Bewailing oft that ever I was born,
For all is gone and I am left forlorn.

Sam. Dear friends, conveened here for this intent,
With misteries of Love to be acquaint:
Let us unweary, willingly attend,
For all her griefs shall sure in gladnesse end.

Jea. Our true desire and most delight shall be,
We may more clear this Divine science see,
And with the whole affections of our heart,
To learn the Heavenly Methods of this Art.
I know the heart contrite and broken sp'rit
Is for our King a Receptacle meet:

I know

I know with timous comforts he doth turn
Unto the pure in sp'rit who for him mourn.
I know, the thirsting soul, and hungry heart,
In His sweet face, have fulness for their part.
I know, that pleasures in eternitie
Attend their souls that fleshly follies flee.
I know, the penny-earn'st of Peace and Bless,
Received by the meek and lowly is,
And wisely witnessed here may we see,
The might of truth, and height of mercy free,
The strength of Faith, shining through filial fear,
The wing of Love, weak ones to hide and bear.

Hele. I wonder much that you so wise and grave,
Such groundlesse expectations can conceive!
For shew'd you are so far of this my case,
That I presumed should have made you cease:
But presuppone that these your strange conceits
Were true of me, which unto me relates,
But nothing unto me I think belong,
Yet were it fearfully free Love to wrong,
And should bewray ingratitude, so far,
As justly might me from his grace debar:
For, sure I am, I had not been cashiered,
If to offend my King my heart had feared:
But gading I, so far astray have stept,
And in confusions such my self have wrapt,
That now mine eyes are dimm'd, my tongue bedumb'd,
Mine ears are deafned, and my heart benumb'd,
That what I hear I do not apprehend,
But sure I see my well you do intend.

Jea. Yet with permission, and submission now,
My friend, let me obtain this sute of you.

This is a day of grace, and it may prove,
If you improve it well, a time of love.
Unto this timous counsell grave advert,
Gainstand these griefs, that do disturb thy heart.
Think on what light, life, liberty and peace,
Thou lately tasted hes by special grace,
The earnest of these Treasures rich procured,
For thee, and by the Lover sweet secured;
But under cloud eclipsed thou must be,
By proof to find thine own infirmitie.
In Patience, Faith, Dependency, Submission,
Importunately presse, thou hes commission:
Then look, and long, and to this promise cleave,
And when thou art rebuked, yet believe.

He. Madam, your counsell gracious, grave, and good,
Does all desir'd felicities include:
But I have forfault all these offers fair,
And of these Blessings now am stripped bare:
And when I hear of former happinesse,
Grief, horrour and despair, the more increase.
Once was I light, and now in darknesse ly,
Once was I life, now in deaths jawes I dye,
Once had I freedome, now in bondage bound,
Once had I peace, now in vexation stound,
You speak of pleasures, in a word anew,
But dolefully may I bid them adiew.
For I an earn'st of wrath endure I think,
Might all the sinfull sons of *Adam* sink:
The evil spirit, when he does depart,
Returning, enters in the empty heart:
And every devil, of whatsoever deceit,
May in this soul receive a several seat.

And I will tell you more. *Jea.* No more; Refrain,
There is too much of this untimely ſtrain.
O fearfull but it be, for to let ſlip,
Of Sacred Truths, by Faith, the ſaving grip!
And O! how bitter are the agonies
Of abſence in ſoul-ſearching ſecrecies?
O horrour, terrour, dread, what dreadfull height
Is abſence totall, in eternal night!
When timely taſtes do ſo the godly tare,
Where ſhall the godleſſe go beneath deſpair?
But I forbear, Sir, ſpeak to her ſo plain,
That ſhe may be brought to her ſelf again.
Sam. This darkneſſe does th'approach of day preſage;
And us the more unto the means ingage.
Thou harden doſt thy ſelf in thy miſtakes,
And of our tenderneſſe advantage makes:
Thou doſt expoſe thy ſelf a preſent prey,
Syrene deceits of Sathan to obey:
Miſled with carnal wit, by quaint convoyance,
So ſubtilly to worke thy ſouls annoyance.
Wilt thou preſcribe his coming, or confine
His counſels to theſe finit thoughts of thine?
Dare thou his faithfulneſſe draw in debate,
Becauſe he doth not on thy humours wait?
Doth he his influence diſpenſe for hyre?
Dar'ſt thou a reaſon of his rules require?
But theſe demands in time and place recall:
Examine, and anſwers receive we ſhall.
And now in patience yet we ſhall perſiſt,
And with convincing arguments inſiſt:
Think on, when we from darkneſſe unto light
Tranſlated were, and did receive our right

Unto

Unto His Royal Court, and House of Wine,
Where loves bright banner over thee did shine:
Then didst thou see in darknesse thou hadst been,
Clos'd, Embrion-like, into the womb unseen;
Untill thy Lover, Mover in this place,
The fruits of His free love made thee imbrace:
Then didst thou clearly see, that gracious He
Indur'd to be obscur'd, for graceless thee:
And that He might thy glorious dayes begin,
Assum'd thy flesh, and suffered for thy sin:
Purg'd and perfumed thee His Bride to be,
And did present himself Bridegroom to thee,
Thy King, thy Captain, and thy Husband now:
And to engadge thee more him to avow,
His Princely Robes thou saw him lay aside,
Enter the lists, and in his armour bide,
Till all thy foes he had defyed in fight,
And from their malice fred thee by his might,
And led thee here among these sweet contents,
Where only children of the King frequents.
But that thou may'st convinced be the more,
I shall this Countrie set thy face before:
For as it seems, thou dost so sullen ly,
Thou art surprysed with a lethargie:
Or for a proof, art left a little space
To try what love thy Lover can displace:
Thou knowst the Citty of our Royall King,
Where He to breed and woo his Bride doth bring:
What glorie and excellencie, alone
Believers, shining see about the Throne?
Thou seest Him righteous Judgements dayly read:
Give doome unto thy foes, thy causes plead.

When

When from His Ivorie pallaces he comes
Thee to imbrace, the ſmell of His perfumes
Affect the Virgin-bowels for to move,
Frames and inflames the quickned heart to love;
For certainly unto Beleevers true,
That be renew'd, all things becometh new;
And in this World of wicked workers, we
A World enjoy of ſweet felicitie,
Conſiſting in a Righteouſneſſe procured
For us, with ſp'ritual joy and peace ſecured.
And this new heav'n, and earth, and citty fair,
Whether the Elect choſen called are,
Above compariſon, you know, excells
The rareſt, faireſt, richeſt parallels.
The River that out-through the Citty ſlides
For every ſeverall Cittizen divides
Unto refreſhment: and the fruitfull tree,
That renders various fruits abundantly
For every ſeaſon, unto all affections,
And ſoveraign phyſick, health for all complexions.
Our everlaſting light, without declining,
Advancing glorioufly, and brightly ſhining:
Curſe from the Croſſe, force from affliction ſhed,
The ſting from death, from fear and bondage fred:
Where we may dayly ſing among the branches,
And ſwime among the ſtreams, our thirſt that quenches;
And bath us in that River, ſweetly flowing,
And feed upon the Spices, neatly growing
About the banks of theſe delicious fields,
That hony, milk and wine ſo pleaſant yeelds;
Where we no task are ſet, but for to ſing
The praiſes of our Liberal Royal King:

And to adore him in our nature now;
Mov'd by his spirit, his name for to avow,
As Members of His Body mystical,
And dying still in Divine Myst'ries all:
In Oracles and Ordinances seeing
Him, and Him in His dispensations eyeing.
He. These Metaphors I know not what they mean,
Nor to discern your plainest speech attain:
The one enfolding deepest mysteries,
The other not discern'd with carnall eyes.
Sam. Thou dost not only in the Faith bewray
Thy weaknesse, but doth wilfully betray
Thy self, in contradicting sweetest feelings,
Experimented sensible revealings,
Flowing and falling timous tides of love,
Which did thy-then lively affections move.
Thou know'st what every word we speak doth mean,
And that it is thy Lovers language clean,
Appointing for our weaknesse figures frail,
The splendor of spiritual things to vail,
As wine and milk, aples and hony sweet,
Under his shadow feasting we delight:
Lest in His light we should be rapted so,
That souls should suddenly abortive go.
Can'st thou the body of the Sun behold,
And not be dazled, if thou wert so bold?
Whose light and operations yet thou may
Enjoy, and not thy weaknesse so bewray:
Amongst the shadows thou may'st feed secretely
Upon the substance that doth then allure thee:
Where dying dayly in this depth by seeing,
From glory unto glory formed being,

Welcome to true tranquillity at length,
And there enjoy our Lovers joy, our strength:
So as we may, with peace, a space suspend
That Glories breaking up, that doth attend
To be imparted, for eternitie,
When we by grace matured for it be.
Eyes, ears and hearts, see, hear not, nor conceives
Now, what the true Believer then receives:
For lesse, who can our King conceive aright,
Untill we be admitted to his sight,
Who, in such Glory inaccessible,
Enjoyes Himself, to us impenitrable?
But by the grace of faith, so apprehended,
As, for our comfort, He hath condescended:
So as we must be bred, led, fost'red here,
For sights unseen, by such as do appear.
This is the life, ye know. Believers live,
To whom both grace and glory He doth give.
Up then, my heart, take heart among thy mates,
Ly not so sad, thy Wel-beloved waits
To see thee stir: for He will thee sustain,
Suppose both weak and wanting thou hast been.
Up, up, come, come, go, go with us. *Hel.* No, no,
What thou hast said, I do believe; But lo,
I am but blind, although to see I seem,
And what I seem'd to see, falls out a dream
Or vision, vanish'd by the way it came,
Nor know I how I do, or what I am.
Sam. This is not unto death, I thee assure,
But shall His honour, and thy health procure:
What thou hast seen and felt, do not deny,
But His unchanged love believe, apply.

Hele. How can the blind, the deaf, the dumb confeſſe,
Believe, apply, faith, or felt-love profeſſe?
Doubtleſſe I have His fervent love again
Provoked, and forſaken am. *Sam.* Refrain,
Thy ſenſe is gone, it ſeems: but where's thy reaſon?
For thou art bourding with a birth of treaſon.
Becauſe through weakneſſe thou canſt him provoke,
Muſt he his conſtant counſell then revoke?
When in thy birth and blood thou lay, in bands
And hands of death, did he not give commands,
Death to be gone, and thee ordain'd to live,
What merite for this mercy didſt thou give?
Knows he not well, that thou no good canſt do,
Without his preſence, and ſupply thereto?
And ſhall he now reputed be a changer?

Hele. No: but to me he makes himſelf a ſtranger.

Sa. Strange! when thou haſt thy ſelf from him eſtranged,
Thy reaſon ſhould conclude that he is changed:
Or that he hath eſtrang'd himſelf ſo far,
While ſuch love-tokens reſting with thee are.
Haſt thou not, biding ſtill beſide thee here,
A Mirror full of beauty, paſſing clear:
Wherein thou doſt his portraict true poſſeſſe,
Full means to keep thy heart from heavineſs?
He woo'd thee in a time of fervent love,
That thou ſhouldſt conſtant, faithfull, loyall prove:
Preparing, trimming, purifying, till
The Nuptiall-rites he ſhould compleat fulfill.
Do not what he hath done for thee deny,
Extoll his acte, and on his truth rely.

Hele. What thou haſt ſaid, that ſurely have I ſeen
Acted by him, for me hath truly been,

I am

I am convinc'd, and more than any ſpeach,
Or largeſt heart-conceptions can reach.
But true it is, when I to admiration,
His deeds had found, ſurpaſſing declaration:
And then far, far, far over and above,
Had felt his ſweetneſſe in a time of love:
My melting heart within his heart relenting,
That almoſt warms affections in recenting.
But in that ſweetneſſe then I fell aſleep,
Surpriſed with ſuch ſopor ſad and deep:
That when I did awake, my only One
Was gone, and now poor I, do die alone;
For in his abſence. I'm become a block,
A wretched, fruitleſſe, and a withered ſtock. (ſmells.

Sa. Doſt thou conceive, theſe blinks, theſe ſmiles, theſe
Theſe melting motions, whereof now thou tells,
Were tendred out, thy fancy for to feed?
No: but to ſtrengthen faith, for fruit and ſeed.

Hele. Then ſhall I no more look to ſee my Love.

Sam. Senſe follows ſuch, as do moſt faithfull prove,
And feelings flee, when they are followed moſt:
But when we ſtand by faith, there's nothing loſt.

Hele. Oh! loſt? What loſſe can be compar'd to this,
To loſe the only (Author) of my bliſſe?

Sam. Thy Bleſſe? Conceive me, and reſolve me this:
If thou hadſt thy deſire unto thy wiſh,
Shouldſt thou in this poor duſty, ruſty ſhrine,
Indure that ſplendor, by theſe beams ſhould ſhine
Upon thy ſp'rits? Thou know'ſt how ſoon they failed,
When with a little blink thou waſt aſſailed.
Look up, make bold, take hold, hold faſt by hoping:
And till thine eyes anointed be, be groping

Amongst thy Mates, where I have seen thee there,
Presse forward with thy pith, do not despair.
He. I know not what, nor yet whereof ye mean.
Sam. I witnesse will, as yet, what I have seen.
When first thy Princely Lover, to this place
Translated thee, could'st thou then sleep or cease?
But with Associats of the Citty using,
Uncessantly in deepest mysteries musing.
A frequent waiter at solemnities,
Much mov'd in minding our immunities,
About the River spying out thy spots,
And washing in the Streams away thy blots:
Upon the Mountains, where Heav'ns dew distills;
And Fountain, that with all refreshments fills.
Thou art so fram'd, and to a habite new,
Inflam'd with firm affections, pure and true:
Exactly set, uncessantly to sing
The praises of thy ever-glorious King:
The rarest Aires and sweetest musick matching,
And unto new inventions nightly watching;
Adorned with such ornaments ingrain,
That most infective tempests never stain.
What hes indured been by men of mights,
For to defend our priviledged rights,
Thou hast observ'd, and deeply pondered then,
Composed to be wondred at by men.
These things deny thou canst not, witnesse clear
The Cittizens thine own Associats here:
Witnesse thy vestures new, these shining Robes;
From mourning more refrain, restrain thy sobs.
This world new no dolor such admits,
Pelt-love, believe, forbear these faithlesse fits.

Hela

Hele. That world of yours no falſhood doth admit,
Faithleſſe profeſſion is a feigned fit:
You in the faithfull witneſſe do believe,
And by believing faithfully do live:
You grafted in the lively Olive grow,
Where ſubſtance ſweet doth from that fatneſs flow.
I formerly have in theſe courſes gone,
With others, as you inſtantly have ſhown,
But I have ſtept aſide in following lies,
Upon the mount of many vanities:
What could it make, ſuppoſe I ſhould explain
The folly and the figments of my brain,
The levitie of my affections vile?
Some ſeeming goodneſſe under ſecret guile.
You by your importunacy do preſſe
Me more particularly to expreſſe:
If better more, then prejudice it could,
Or pertinent it were, I ſurely ſhould. (ceits?

Sa. Whence comes this conſcience of thoſe heart-con-
Whence flow theſe conflicts of theſe ſoul-debates?
Corruption 'gainſt corruption doth not ſide,
Satan againſt himſelf doth not divide.
Weakneſſe and wandring do in us remain,
And yet our Lover doth us not diſdain,
He fails us not, as we do (doating) deem,
But that he abſent to our ſenſe doth ſeem:
That we may ſee what of our ſelves we may
Expect, if he ſhould our ſupply delay:
And what can make us more our ſelves forſake,
Then hell-black us, milk-white for Heaven to make?
Such ſweetneſſe from the breaſts thou haſt been ſucking,
That weaned now, thou doſt but fall a dronping:

Thou hast been dandled on thy keepers knees,
And fed with suggar'd soul-festivities:
But now for to obtain the Royall prize,
Thou must to work, and run, and fight; arise.
Hele. It's easie Sailing in a gentle Gale,
But grievous when the tempest strieks the Sail:
It's easie fighting with your fleeing foes,
But dreadfull when it turnes to bloody blows:
It's easie speaking to a wounded heart,
But not so easie to retreat the dart:
And searching tryals light to some may be,
Which work to others much perplexity.
I pray you therefore leave me now alone,
You, may I hurt, help can you make me none
Sa. In darkest dayes, and sharpest stormes that blow,
Our Pilot, how to land us safe, doth know:
And we within the vail, our Anchor sure
Do cast, and so can ride it out secure.
Our Captain stands victorious in the field,
He never lost a man that did not yeeld.
Our sweet Physician, full of science, sees
Our wounds, diseases, and their remedies,
And doth with cordials unto us addresse,
When dwining we do dream of nothing lesse;
And it is good thou dost not us regard,
Lest at thy hands we should expect reward.
But till you take a breathing, we shall walk,
Beside thee here, and to the matter talk.
Now ye my friends devote, and Ladies dear,
Who this discourse (of ours) do over-hear,
Speak your opinion from experience plain,
And we shall to our purpose turn again;

For in her griefs, if we cannot be grieved,
We ſhall be griev'd when ſhe ſhall be relieved:
But of her burdens who doth take a part,
Her comfort ſhall reflect upon their heart.

Maria, Anna, Griſſilla, Eliza. Thomas.

Maria. IT ſeems it ſhall not eaſy be to find
The bands that do her in this bondage bind:
But let us now recite our ſpeciall failings,
Their cauſes and effects, and our prevailings,
And to avoid conteſt, I ſhall break in,
And as you bid, be bold for to begin:
Court-breeding leading us to high aſpirings,
Swelling in ſuch ambitious deſirings,
We can for ſelf-promotion, formall prove
In every project where we minde to move:
And can (Chamelion-like) all colours take,
As for the gaining of our point may make:
And from what airt we ſee the air to ſwirle,
For that ſame courſe quickly our ſails can hurle.
But when we of our ſelves do get a ſight,
We guard againſt this Idol with our might,
Moſt deeply humbled at the heart, that we
Are waſted in this frothy vanity:
For then it pleaſ'd my King to clear mine eies,
Divinely to diſcern deep myſteries,

And

And take a Pardon in that time of love,
Which made my frozen heart in melting move.
Yet after this, anone I must you tell,
A fearfull tryall unto me befell:
Even after tasting many comforts sweet,
Intent some meditations to repeat,
Of most concernment, pressing to procure,
In supernaturall truths, my standing sure;
Such as of souls the immortality,
Whose being in and out of bodies be:
The resurrection, and immortalizing
Of bodies mortall, naturall, spiritualizing:
And minding thence, some higher to ascend,
So far as finite thoughts might comprehend
Of God, his goodnesse, wisdome and his might,
Pre-ordinating all in order right:
By His eternall counsel, pleasure, will,
Who all things works, moving, unmoved still:
But instantly, a voice, both pure and plain,
My musing mov'd unto another strain.
So friend-like and so friendly muttering then,
Must thou be found the only fool of men:
What businesse is this thou goes about?
What strange chymæraes shall we see come out?
We guided be by reason, and by sence,
Where be thy groundlesse grounds? on what pretence
Dost thou intangle, and perturb thy mind
In courious quirks, whereto thou art inclin'd?
Art thou so sensleſſe, as thus to conceive,
Dust turn'd to dust, turn ghostlesse from the grave:
Or that thy vanisht spirits shall return,
These vithes to inspire, spent in that urne?

Some

Some giddie-headed people wonders tell,
Of God, of Heaven, ſatan, ſin and hell:
But theſe be fooleries, fitted to deceive
Some facile Spirits, that fancies do conceive.
Canſt thou defraud thy ſelf of all thy bleſſe,
By framing to thy ſelf a hell like this?
While as thou might in many pleaſures flouriſh
And nature in her native notions nouriſh.
But even then, when I (perplexed) though
What could it be that this diverſion wrought:
Unto my ſence, there was reply ſo clear
Return'd in my behalf, which made appear
The devil, his drift, and his deluding lure,
Diſcourſe of me by flatt'rie to procure:
But my firm faithfull Watch-man and my Lover
Seeing the malice of this murthering mover,
Preveens this cruel plot, and interpoſes
His ſubtilty, and ſophiſtry diſcloſes:
Objections more then now I can recent,
Which none but very devils could invent,
Confuted and refuted were ſo clear,
By him alone, who did for me appear.
But then, ſaid I, (in this confuſion vext)
Since it is ſo, how am I thus perplext?
Then inſtantly, my great deliverance wrought,
Was wondrouſly by my Redeemer brought:
When to groſſe Atheiſm, the tempter, he
Had caſt his baits for to have hooked me:
And if the inward Teacher had not taught
Me, how to anſwer theſe his reaſons, fraught
With ſubtilties, ſo myſtick, that again
I had been tortur'd in that fearfull train.

But sad and bitter were the sore rebukes
Of my dear Lover, and the frowning looks
That I endur'd, for daring to adventure
With this deceiver in the lists to enter:
Moreover, fears not only me affright,
But, also, I must with afflictions fight:
With many terrors, and with troubles toyled,
And by infirmity am often foyled:
But yet I find it for my best to be
Prest and distress'd in this perplexitie:
For on the rode I read, in letters fair,
Love unconceivable, and wisdome there:
And ever since, when I such whisperings hear
Flow from that buzing snake, I stop mine ear.

ANNA.

We of the Citty, sumptuously do live,
And to maintain our wealth do mainly strive:
So avaritious and luxurious grow,
As we in wealth and worldly honours flow:
But when our Lover doth remove the vail,
We see the rotten ship wherein we sail,
And feckless wares, whereon our souls we waste,
Then to the death we do our selves detest:
But being bred in such societies,
As do advert unto varieties
Of outward formes, must civile be and neat,
According to our rank, degree and state.
I have been shew'd by one that's most sincere,
That many dangers 'mongst them do appear:
And that her self was fearfully afraid,
Lest unknown fear her weakness had bewrai'd,

And if I warned had not been before,
I might have ſplitted on this deadly ſhore:
But after deeper ſearch, I did perceive
My ſelf was nothing, but a living grave,
Where noyſome ſerpents in the members crawl,
The faculties infecting of the ſoul:
The ſoul again, vain, arrogant and proud,
For all her wak'nings walking under cloud.
Then after this I had a fearfull blink,
Which under deſperation made me ſhrink:
But then even at the twinkling of an eye,
My Saver, preſent ſet me fully free:
So as unto his praiſe, I muſt record,
A ſelf-loſt ſoul was ſaved by the Lord.
Thus my Redeemer ſo did me Redeem,
My danger and deliverance ſeen did ſeem
So near, and I ſo filled with conceiving,
Senſe led me from the way of firm believing:
But in that ſweetneſſe, when I fell aſleep,
I ſwell'd up in a deadly fever deep:
And moving miſſ'd the Author of my joy.
So then my neareſt friends I did imploy,
Who helps preſcrib'd, and potions did prepare
To ſwage my ſwelling, and my health repair.
But then there did ſuch fears my ſoul aſſail,
Which through my weakneſs often did prevail,
To bring in queſtion, how to perſevere
Before the ſtraits and tryals that appear.
I was brought very low, but never heal'd,
Untill compaſſion with my Prince prevail'd
Me to reſtore, and make me ſurely ſee,
A ſtedfaſt faith was firm ſtability.

So

So when I look'd unto my Lovers might,
All faithlesse fears evanisht out of sight.

GRISSILLA.

We in the Academie that be nourish'd,
And fruitfull grow, when we have early flourish'd:
Physick, Laws, Metaphysicks we debate,
What serves for mans soul, body, or estate:
And by our science and inventions then,
Reduce to order for the use of men:
But swell in pride, and in disdain, when we
Others so far below us we espy:
And often our too curious spirits swerving,
Do over-turn our selves by our deserving;
For by deep speculation, we do see
Wonders, that by none other seen can be;
Produc'd by natures force, and render'd then
In rare effects, to be admir'd of men.
The stars in severall places we espy,
In constellations, as they ordered be:
Desing'd for signs in ev'ry Variation,
Ascent, descent, degrees and inclination:
Severall effects on every severall thing,
That from the earth, from air and oceans spring:
Gold, Pearles, Stones precious in the earth secured,
Deep steeping closely, till they be matured:
Where by the stars, they do procure their strength,
Of bodies short continuance, and their length:
Of Animals, Herbs, Flowers, their vertues all,
Their birth and growth, their durance and their fall:
Which as in this clear prospect we do see,
By proof, their operations learn'd have we.

And I one day theſe marvels ſo admiring,
Their cauſes and effects too much deſiring,
To ſearch by natures light: And not adoring
The God of nature, but by nature poring,
In this deep ſtudy I was ſorely ſtained
With infidelity, and then arraigned,
And left forlorn, a little, as I ſhewed,
Untill that by contrition renewed,
Iacceſſe had, and granted was to ſee
That my dear Lover, and Life-giver, He
Was natures Author, and that her effects
Were done directly, ſtill as he directs.
Afflictions, fears and too much carnall care,
Temptations be, which lead unto deſpair:
Again by grace, reſiſting and repelling,
A deviliſh drift doth lift the heart to ſwelling,
And herein I much weakneſſe have bewrayed,
But happily therewith hath been eſſayed,
For of his goodneſs I again do gain,
To guard againſt theſe vile debourdings vain.

ELIZA.

We who into the Country bred have been,
And little of the Court or Citty ſeen,
But in the Wilderneſſe alone were living,
Our bleiting droves unto the fountains driving,
Alongſt the quickning ſprings and cooling ſtreams,
Shelter'd with ſweeteſt ſprigs from ſcorching beams,
Delighted in our ſilent Cipreſſe Bowers,
Adorned with the faireſt rareſt flowers:
And ſatisfied herewith as with ſilk,
Preferring to their ſharpeſt ſpice, our milk:

But under all this smooth sobriety,
Ingenuous care, and frugall industry,
We live and die in ignorance indured,
And ly in gross profanity obdured,
And cannot see, untill by speciall grace,
A brighter light do shine upon our face:
But after I was call'd, and caus'd to see,
And made asham'd of my profanity:
Thereby affected with my Lovers love,
That nothing else near to my heart could move:
The Devil then, under a glist'ring vail,
My weaknesse (unawares) did so assail,
That I had drunk the poyson'd cup so deep,
My senses by the venom were asleep;
For he some instruments had so deceiv'd,
And to most impious principles bestav'd:
Under pretext of love to Christ alone,
Exalting him up to his Royall Throne,
With all that unto him do truly cleave:
That they by doctrines were not now to live,
That they are clean, and cannot be defil'd:
Illuminate, and cannot be beguil'd:
That all are theirs, and all things common be
Unto that love-bred, love-fed Family:
With others such-like hatcht-patcht proofs so specious,
And drest with speeches, seeming very gracious:
My carnall heart did presently affect
To bring a present heaven in respect:
But when the way so pleasant did appear
To flesh and blood, I did begin to fear,
And took me to consult with truth divine:
So as the Majesty therein did shine

Of Holineſſe, and Righteouſneſſe ſo clear,
The filthineſſe, and folly did appear,
Wherein they ſwell, perverting truth ſo far,
That they obdur'd unto conviction are:
And hereby found I alſo out again,
That I unſtable, facil was, and vain:
And ſo alas! have blaſted been, and broken
With all theſe bluſtrings, whereof you have ſpoken:
Have ſeen my ſelf, ſelf-loſt, ſelf-damn'd, and ſaved,
And yet ſo ſenſleſſe, and ſo ſelf-depraved,
So far corrupt, ſo fooliſh, and ſo frail,
Conceits impure ſo much with me prevail:
And yet with mercy and compaſſion clear
Am compaſſed, more than I can admire;
For I to wrath my ſelf do ſtill expoſe,
But my Redeemer ſtill doth interpoſe:
And when I would my ſelf in darkneſſe caſt,
I reſcu'd am, for he doth hold me faſt:
And when deſpar'dly I would make retreat
From this new City, and theſe pleaſures ſweet,
And ſearches every poſtern gate, and lirk,
My own deſtruction cruelly to worke,
By ſeparating, yet I am ſurrounded
In ſo wiſe windings, wherein I am bounded:
And breath'd upon, even when the breath is failing,
And helped up by everlaſting healing:
Whereby my ſafety doth proceed, I prove,
From infinite, and from unchanged love;
For as I am confounded and aſhamed,
To ſee my ſelf in ſuch convictions blamed,
So am I more comforted, to repoſe
Upon my Prince, and in his peace rejoice:

And now I grant, that by His grace I gain
In watchfulneſſe, and alſo do refrain,
To taſte, or touch, or to aproach too near,
Where perill of infection doth appear.

THOMAS.

O deep profound! O! what a deepneſſe is
he wiſdome, knowledge and eternall bleſſe,
f this, who is the glorious King of Saints?
nd graciouſly among his children haunts?
nd O! How many are our miſeries?
nd O! How reſcued by ſuch myſteries?
re I by providence above perceiving,
ght leſſons once receive, above conceiving
any, but by theſe are taught aright
ſee themſelves, and to abhore that ſight.
ive this while a main Profeſſor been,
uſe I hated vice, and ſin obſcene,
eigh'd againſt it, and did vertue love,
vicious hate, and verteous did approve:
in this gracious fellowſhip have ſeen,
t hitherto I have but blinded been:
do I ſee Believers and their rights,
ir world new and their renewed lights:
trvals and the ſtraits they did endure,
rk for their well, and they preſerved ſure:
As alſo, I have ſeen theſe ſad aſſailings
Of ſatan, and your ſpeciall prevailings,
Whereof I never knew, nor leſſe nor more,
For they were myſteries great to me before.
We in the wilderneſs that have been bred,
Amongſt the brute, on bruttſh luſt were fed:

Your breeding been in School, in Court, and Citty;
Delicious, curious, delicate and witty:
But not exeem'd from tryals more then we,
Expoſ'd to many that moſt dreadfull be.
You do by curious ſpeculations give
Place to the ſerpent, darts at you to drive:
But us he hes into his fang ſo faſt,
Such windings He for us needs not fore-caſt:
For this I do confeſſe, albeit I could
My heav'n upon this love to vertue hold,
Yet Satan of hypocriſie a ſpice,
Hes in the heart ſhed, where it ſliely lyes:
For ſeeing you with others, who aſſemble
At ſolemn meetings, I would them reſemble,
Diſſemble what within my boſom grew,
And learn to prattle things I never knew:
Likewiſe, I find too great a tryall here
At meetings, when both Sexes do appear,
And ordered ſo, that oppoſitely airted
The venome of much vanity is darted
Out from the poyſon of infective eyes,
At civill and ſacred feſtivities.
Now theſe and many ſuch enormities,
Naughty, profane, vain ſuperfluities,
We civill men do ſee, and do forbear
To mortifie, when they do moſt appear,
But you the fleſh who do ſubdue ſo far,
That fairly ſpringing up afreſh you are,
Like fruitfull branches, and like garden-flowers,
That wat'red be by ſweet Celeſtial ſhowers,
Reſerve your peace, when we our ſelves conſume,
In making up Inditement for our doom.

Andrea, Grissilla, Anna.

And. GReat, good, grave Ladies, wise and Virgins pure
Ye know ye could not well our sight endure:
For we, what folly in the flesh remains,
By much experience, tasting have with pains,
Do make it now our trade for to travers
Through all the corners of this Univers:
Unvailing vice, and bearing witnesse good
Against that venom, which infects our blood:
And ev'ry one of you, in all your places
With this sweet fellowship of gracious faces,
Cannot deny, but ye had warning all,
Against these slights, which might procure your fall.
Now are we glad to hear you so confesse
Your weaknesse, and your Lovers lovingnesse.

Anna. The most sincere, and self-deny'd agrees
Upon these sacred sweet solemnities,
Which we frequent: for there, by cords of love,
After our Lover, we are mov'd, and move:
In all sincere devotion avowed,
And unto new obedience are bowed.
Nor doth our lib'rall Lord us quite deprive
Of recreations, whilst we warily live.

And. True, this the mind of many is indeed,
But may not us discourage to proceed.
The kindnesse of our King doth us constrain
To seek his glory, and your sp'rituall gain,

Dai

Daily and dolefull proof doth witneſſe well
Our weakneſſe, and we may much folly feel
Poſſeſſe our hearts: for, when we tempted be,
Surpris'd we are, and can it not foreſee.
Many affected ſeem, and make a ſhow
To follow us, that back again do go.
The cunning Serpent ſleeps not, but by ſlight,
Knows how to enter our corruption right:
Can give it life, and then a bait moſt ſweet,
Prepared for our pleaſure, we ſhall meet,
Colour'd with recreations, in the name
Of lawfull liberties, to ſave the blame.
This I may ſay, and can it now avow,
We doing are, our ſelves for to undo,
All that we can; But, when we are intent
The ſacred Myſteries for to frequent,
Advancing ſtill in faith, our ſelves forſaking,
Tending our King, and his ſweet Croſſe up-taking;
(And who is he that doth aright deteſt
Himſelf, and on his Lovers favour feaſt?
And is not this poor ignorance engrain,
When recreations we prefer profane,
Which profite not, nor pleaſure, but do periſh,
Before the fruit appear from-out the flouriſh?
Whereas, if we (ev'n here in our traverſings)
Had with our King conſtant and clean converſings)
Then ſhould our taſting, ſmelling, hearing, ſeeing,
Render a reliſh, unto all admiring.
When in the galties he himſelf were ſhewing,
Feed on his face, enliv'ning grace renewing:
And when he doth himſelf again retreat,
We have his Word and Works for to repeat,

Where from the leaſt, moſt common that is nam'd,
Moſt wondrous wayes of wiſdom are proclaim'd.
And if theſe marvels we did rightly ſee,
Then recreated ſhould we fully be,
Above what all created comforts can
Confer upon the ſp'rituall-graced man.
Ye know, tho we tranſlated be to light,
Yet all of us our nat'rall temper right
Retain, ſo as a ſtronger potion will
Some perſon ſave, which would another kill:
So with the gracious we do ſtill conſent,
In ſowing ſeeds of ſp'rituall nouriſhment:
But then the ſturdy ground muſt break and bruiſe,
So as the ſeaſon may the ſeed infuſe.

An. We know your meaning unto us is good,
And better ſeen it is then underſtood:
Out of zeal in every thing you are,
From ſelf-experience bidding us beware:
And in this preſent purpoſe to proceed,
It ſeems that this diſcourſe may be apply'd:
For we of ſeverall ranks, degrees, profeſſions
Preſented have our caſe and our confeſſions:
And as there be of ſev'rall perſons here,
So do our tryals diverſly appear:
And doubtleſſe, what would helpfull be to ſome,
Should moſt untimous to another come.
You ſee it ſo, not one of us doth find
What bands in bondage doth this dam'ſell bind:
So ſure there doth concur, as ſeems to me,
Some other grounds of this varietie
Of exerciſe, unto us incident,
Who all are ſprung from one root and diſcent,

Such

Such as to our effectuall calling may
Refer, or to the maner, time or way.

Grif. Certain, if we exactly ponder would
All that upon our nature and this mould
Had influence, it verily ſhould prove
Our feeble, frail conceptions far above:
We in the generall jointly do confeſſe,
Stars, conſtellations, ſigns celeſtiall hes
Much operation in our bodies all;
Their generation, ſtanding and their fall;
Bodies of Elements compounded been
Of humors, ſome more groſſe, and ſome more clean,
In ſome more equall, ſome leſſe equallings
Whence ſtrength and weakneſs, health and ſickneſs ſpring:
Hence diſpoſitions and affections move,
Which in ſome leſſe, in ſome more vicious prove:
Our diſtance alſo from the temp'rat Zone,
The frigid and the hot, the Horizon,
Climat, our cuſtoms and our education,
Our frequent fellowſhip and converſation:
All theſe, and many more have force upon
Our facile minds, and fond affection.
By this connexion of ſo many things,
Diſtinguiſhable by ſo many ſigns:
So many various thoughts impreſſion have,
That poyſon'd inclinations do receive:
Hence is it that ſome ſole-commanding thing
Bears rule in every one as Soveraign King:
Which in the fervor of a ſtrong reſpect,
Follow the Aples that they moſt affect;
And in the frenzie of theſe carnall fires,
Dote on the idol of their chief deſires;

And from that folly never can refrain,
Untill the sting of death revive their pain:
So when the soul-physician comes to cure,
Our sickness (sees) and what we can endure:
And unto our infection he applyes,
For all contagions, severall remedies;
Corrections, crosses, that we may relent;
Comforting cordials, lest our heart should faint.
And when we have been gained and allured,
And of his favour faithfully assured,
By real feeling of our lost condition,
And redelivery by our Lords tuition:
Yet not the lesse, we must be humble held,
So as the devils darts may be repell'd:
He did in Paradice with our Parents plead,
And professeth his spite against their Seed;
Nor is the old monster so fully slain,
But that he can recover life again:
If we be left a little to be try'd
By light temptations, we shall step aside,
Unlesse we be prevented or restrain'd,
And so by free immediate grace maintain'd.
Now these strong reasons and right grounds may be
Of Christian cases the varietie:
Nor do I doubt, but that the Christ'an call,
Maner and time be not alike in all:
Some saved are with fear, some love constrains,
Some hurled from the fire with harder pains:
Much difference of exercise can make,
Which also may the name of tryall take.

And. Enough, dear friend, now have you made us see
Our own experience more perspicuous be:

For

For we be of our birth and breeding wilde,
As likewiſe of all people moſt deſil'd:
But as by times ſome of us hes been tam'd,
Then of our ſelves we have been much aſham'd:
Made it our ſtudy vice for to detect,
Deſtroy, and to draw vertue to reſpect:
We cenſur'd be by many that are good,
To be too rigide, being people rude:
Who to be too far curbed do diſdain,
And plead for recreations too profane:
But ſince it pleas'd our King us to recall
To this His Paradice ſpirituall:
And ſince we did with you aſſemble here,
We have been ſet to get the heart ſincere:
And what by ſpeculation we take,
Make it impreſſions unto practice make:
And with much order do our ſelves addreſſe,
To ſhew to men their nat'rall naughtineſſe,
And that ev'n in the beſt there doth remain
Some of the life of death, as yet, unſlain:
But as for us, we have been ſo ingrain'd
In that corruption, which all fleſh hath ſtain'd,
It ſo habituall unto us became,
That we converted were unto the ſame:
And when our eyes at laſt to ſee were clear'd,
Our miſerie and mercy moſt admir'd,
The cauſes and the wrath ſo vively ſeen,
His everlaſting armes to interveen:
There did concur force, fear, love infinite,
Our full reclaiming thereby to compleat:
And now our croſſes and corrections we
Find for the death of ſin in us to be;

Even

Even such, by which, heav'ns wisdome does reform us,
And to our King and Comforter conform us.
An. This grave and graced person in his speech,
If ponder'd well it were, might many teach:
For this we know, that of one propagation,
Countrie and clime, and of one education
Are all that tribe, and surely such as here
Arrived be, most zealous do appear.
And as for us who came from every airt,
Of severall qualities partake apart:
As also, some more early, some more late
Have called been unto this happy state,
Some, by our Soveraign King his ointments sweet,
By love came running, when he did invite:
Some, from the sense of wrath when they did cry,
Such mercy felt, that they did melt thereby.
Thus we by conference find, that there must be
Strong reasons for this strange diversity
Of exercise, and that it is to train
Us to the truth, from trifles false and vain.
And this we know, though we be civill bred,
And in the plat-form fair of vertue led,
And have not been brought under publike blame,
That could have brought us unto open shame,
That yet the seed of ev'ry vice remains
In us, as others only grace restrains:
And as we more or lesse infected are,
Our antidotes stronger or weaker were.
And more particular or plain to be,
You pardon will, to save our modesty:
For our dear Lover, who by grace hath lov'd us,
Above the grace bestow'd, hath never prov'd us:

And when our Sex to suffer for their love
Is call'd, they constant do and loyall prove.
Tho. We as these Ladies congregated are
From every airt, where shines the morning star,
Diff'rent by birth, humors and education,
By sight, society and conversation:
Some in their youth have hither been translated,
Some in their age here happily been stated,
Some sav'd by fear, and some by force constrain'd
To come, but all by Love and mercy gain'd,
So that with us strange diff'rences must be:
But far more strange is this strange harmonie,
Where contrare inclinations do incline
All to one end: O endlesse depth divine!
And that the rod upon our folly lies,
More happinesse it is then we can prize.
Chastis'd we be as children for our good,
When through the fire, or the most furious flood
Of sore afflictions, we be safely led,
Who in the barren wilderness are bred.
The purest white drinks in the bleweſt dye:
And if you do take pains for to apply
Some red, some green, according to the grain:
But unto white shall never turn again:
Right so, though we be stain'd, we can receive,
By industry and education grave,
Civility and righteous colours sweet:
But the first tincture never shall delete,
Untill by blood and water both our blots
Be purged out, for cleanging all our spots.
This is the myst'ry deep that we should mind,
How we may be unto our King combin'd,

By

By bands of love, in ſucking in His blood,
Which doth our conſolations all include:
While we perceive the ſpawn of our proud foes
Remain unpurg'd, wherein can we rejoice?
We ſuffer not, it is but this old man,
And we ſhould beat him down in what we can:
Delight to ſee him totally deſtroyed,
And all devices for that end imployed:
That we unto the image of our King
May once appear, and ſo his praiſes ſing.

Mariana, Griſſella.

Ma. WE do not deem that this diſtreſſed Maid
Is tainted with the things that we have ſaid:
Or that ſuch guilt, ſo groſſe, could find a place
For to obſcure ſuch gravity and grace;
But we by bitter proof have truly proved
Matter in us remaining, unremoved,
Which can ſuch motions bring unto reſpect,
When on theſe painted Portraicts we reflect,
That are ſuggeſted by the ſerpent ſlie,
Or by the ſenſe ſent to the phantaſie;
But though we cannot ſhun, we ſee the craft,
And Arrows keen he doth againſt us ſhaft;
Armour of proof we ſtand in, and reſiſt
The ſharpeſt dart he at our heart can thruſt,
The faireſt Idol that he can invent,
The ſweeteſt Apple that he can preſent:

And

And when we ſleeping be ſurpriz'd and foyl'd,
And ere we be aware, betray'd and ſpoyl'd:
Our Captain ſees, and cannot long refrain
Us to relieve, and ſet us right again.
So as to him we do more cloſely cleave,
And watchfull walk for all the time we live:
This ſubtile hunter he is ever ſpying
Where we be weakeſt, and is ever trying
By all means ſet, to make us ſwell or ſwather,
The ſpunk of life by ſpouts of hell to ſmother.
This impure ſp'rit, prince of the air, doth carry
Into the brain many vain vapours aery,
Which the affections ſurely ſhould infect,
If timouſly we did them not detect:
But if this airt the carnall part incline
To blink aſquint when he doth Saint-like ſhine,
Then are we over-clouded, and we know
Our Jealous Lover muſt us then reprove:
For he corrivall never could indure,
But ſealed for himſelf will have us ſure;
Since all that we can with conjoyn'd in one
Of bleſſe, combined is in him alone:
And we convinced be abundantly,
Of love-obligements unto loyalty,
And when he ſees us truly humbled much
Under theſe trials which the heart doth touch,
Then in his tenderneſſe to us doth turn
With comforts, as we in his abſence mourn.
Thus when we ſtand, or fight, or faint, or fall,
He is ſo near that we are ſaved all:
This love, above all finite reach aſcending,
Unalterable, and ſo condeſcending,

That

That even when we are ſecluded ſore,
We oblidg'd be for to believe the more;
For if we were not ſo rebuked, then
Careleſſe we ſhould become, like carnall men.
Theſe are the flames, this is that force of love,
Floods cannot quench, might, ſlight cannot remove.
This is our King, our Sunne, our Shield, our Friend,
Who by his blood hes us to him combin'd:
Whoſe ſplendent rayes, full fraught with vertue, ſhall
From this groſſe droſſe affections pure exhale,
And fix within that element of love,
Where our delights alone on him may move.

Grif. Much graced Matron, your diſcourſe devote,
Much verity and charity doth note.
Ye who above us do ſo far reſort,
Can beſt diſcern theſe Arrows to retort,
That from the prince of darkneſſe darted ſtill
Within the dark for to infeſt the will.
Your charity (grave Matron) moſt agrees
With rich experience and with cleared eyes,
The myſtery of mercy you have ſeen
Melted in love, and moulded have you been,
So as no evill you can think or wreſt
To worſt, but all interprete to the beſt:
But many novices come to this place,
Who taſted have and do belong to grace,
Are often on extreams, as they abound
In feelings, or are under abſence drown'd:
And in their halcyon dayes will not allow
Eſteem, to any that be them below,
As little for themſelves do they preſerve,
When under darkneſſe drouping they do ſtarve.

And

And we be ever checking thoſe miſtakes,
But ſelf-conceit obdurate many makes:
Till they be tortur'd under many tryals,
And taught to live by faith, in ſelf-denyals:
But for the number wherewith we muſt meet,
Not poſſible it is for to repeat.
Some hes been ſpoken to by our dear friends,
Both from intention, purpoſe good, and ends,
And ſuffer me as yet to ſignifie,
Of theſe our travels the neceſſitie.
As by this ſimile we'll better ſee,
If we diſſect our own Anatomie.
The matter, compoſition and the Art
Of Heav'n, admirable in ev'ry part,
Fleſh, blood, bones, nerves, veins, arteries ſuſtaining,
Humours, hot, cold, moiſt, dry, and mixt containing;
Seat and aſſiſtance, offices and ends,
Each other ſerving, none another offends;
And all diſperſt through all this fabrick rare,
By inſtruments above a thouſand pair:
From top to toe by ſearching we may ſee
No leſſe then wonders in variety.
The very head a magazin is made
Of marvells, moſt magnificent and dread.
And whoſo ſhould down to the foot deſcend,
And on the parts therein contained ſpend
Some ſpace, in every place they ſhould perceive
Hundreds, which wonders were for to conceive:
And every one that charge for to fulfill,
Appointed by the glorious Makers will;
As by pre-ordination God doth give
Theſe ſouls immortall, whereby we do live;

Ye likewiſe ſee that all theſe parts and pow'rs,
Compoſed in this little world of ours,
And animated by this living breath,
Lyes dwining now under the ſting of death;
And that through this defiled body ſpreads
Theſe ſoul-preſerving, now life-poyſ'ning threeds;
For as the body doth in part defect,
Then can the ſoul thereby work no effect.
Ye likewiſe ſee, the ſoul cannot be ſeen,
Which in the body hath infuſed been:
That both might be an inſtrument to raiſe
The Authors greatneſſe, and his goodneſſe praiſe,
And for this end, endow'd above conceiving
With large capacities, fit for receiving
All that our Maker ſhall reveal, to make
Us ſee him, and his ſervice undertake:
So as her gifts in ſuch excellencies,
In number, worth and great varieties,
Exceeds what e're be ſaid of bodies may,
As doth the breath of God excell this clay:
Not only ample, ſimple, pure, capacious,
But alſo ſubtile, pregnant and ſagacious:
To dyve, to ſearch, to ſoar and never ceaſe,
Untill ſhe do her Author once imbrace,
In whom ſhe ſhall (far, far above deſiring)
Be fed with wonders unto all admiring;
But now in all her parts ſo far depraved,
By liſting to her luſt, and ſo beſtaved,
That when ſhe's raught, and reſcu'd, yet again
Conſtant ſhe cannot in her courſe remain:
But ſteps aſide, and doth her ſelf deprive
Of theſe revivings that ſhould her enlive,

And as it is moſt ſtrange, aright to ſee
Theſe contraries corporeall to agree,
This ſtructure of the body to maintain,
Untill it muſt turn to the duſt again:
Albeit ſome interruptions often make
The ſoul in all her agitations ſlack;
But how much more incomparable ye know
Were it to keep in frame? Theſe fancies move
In our light minds, imaginations vain,
From which the carnall part cannot refrain,
Which moſt doth mar that ſpecial conſolation
We ſhould enjoy by ſp'rituall contemplation,
By dyving in theſe myſteries divine,
Wherein the glory of our King doth ſhine:
And whereby we are by his light delighted,
Untill by this his grace we be perfected.
But when his Spirit, to prevent our ſwelling,
Or from the vapors of that venom dwelling
In us, obſtructed is, who then, oh! who
So over-clouded can but ſadly go?
For he's the ſoul by which the ſoul doth live;
Ev'n as the ſoul the body keeps alive:
Then never think it ſtrange to ſee us grieve
When he is gone, who ſhould our heart relieve:
Nor ſtrange to ſee him forc'd for to retire,
But rather wonder that he ſhould appear,
And through the latteſs lend a friendly blink,
When he perceives the fainting heart to ſhrink!
And rather think it ſtrange that ſo remiſſe
We prove, in ſearching what the quarrel is
Of ſuch deſertions as the heart do vex,
And with dejection do the ſp'rit perplex:

I do confesse believing were the best,
In quietnesse and confidence to rest:
But saving faith to holinesse adheres,
And guarded is with many filiall fears,
And out of love is ever sorely moved,
When evidences are of love removed.
Though you conversant are, and so inured
In heav'nly matters, and so well secured,
Can stand before the gates of hell and make
Your progresse, yet the weak may stumbling take:
For in this case much grace we take to be,
Hopefull, sincere, in heart humilitie.
And studying to make out a true disjunction,
From every motion can obstruct that unction,
Whereby we be conjoyn'd in that communion
With our dear Lover, in a spirituall union.
So as by grace, grafted in him we grow
Up, by that influence that from him doth flow,
Untill we be into his image formed,
And most devotly to his will conformed:
But you appear so prudent, that therefore
We leave to be consider'd lesse and more.
These our essayes at your command pursued,
To be by you corrected and renewed:
And as ye do think meet in time and place,
Compos'd and right applyed to the case.

Samuel

Samuel, Helena.

Sam. MOst precious people, saved and secured,
By force of felt and fervent love allured;
Your conferences free I have been hearing,
And do approve, and for your better clearing
Do certify, that your most Princely Love
These actings in his children doth approve,
We who be named gracious, be it known,
No grace, but what is giv'n, have of our own,
And by that grace immediatly maintained,
Converted, call'd, as you, and so sustained.
The diff'rence only doth consist in this.
The King his pleasure good was us to blesse;
Since from the womb we came to humane sight,
To sanctify us by his heav'nly light:
And separate we be for this effect,
To do and suffer as he does direct:
But specially his elect Flock to feed,
And them unto the living Fountain lead.
You have been over-hearing what was said,
In reference to this distressed Maid:
You have been carefull hereby to conceive
The myst'ry of her case, I do perceive:
You have been searching out for second causes,
Which cautioned would be with certain clauses.
If you are sober, and are satisfi'd,
From solide grounds of reason certifi'd,

And this is right; for never one as yet,
Of soundest and profoundest searching wit
In natures secrets, by the Physicks poring,
Or winged with the Metaphysicks soaring,
Exactly could, the causes and effects,
Matter and form, with all their due respects,
Produc'd by natures infinite variety,
On severall objects, marvelous rariety,
Conceiv'd by science, or by all their Art
Ever demonstrate to the thousand part:
Our princ'ples are with much experience fraught,
So by our practice we are daily taught:
And new essays are set on work, again
More light by new discoveries to attain.
Our King, the God of Nature, only knows
The nature, matter, form, effects and cause
Of all things: for by Him they are, and shall
Bring forth his glory and our gladnesse all.
This Microcosme (Man) a world contains
Of various parts, his Maker all maintains:
And this great world, in all its sev'rall acts,
Subservient unto mans up-making makes;
Bodies celestiall, in their sev'rall Spheres,
And all that to the Firmament adheres,
In all their various courses, contribute,
To our continuance, comfortable fruit,
What herb, fruit, flow'r, beast, fowl or fish there is,
But bend their best concurrence to our blesse?
The weak, the strong, the bitter, sowre and sweet,
The hot, the cold, in their degrees compleat,
In all their concords and their sympathies,
Discords, divisions and antipathies,

Find mater for their maſter (Man) to make
Him ſee, they do his ſervice undertake.
And who can doubt but man immortal might
Have ſtood, if not deprived of that light
(Deſervedly) which in his ſoul did ſhine,
And did all knowledge neceſſar confine,
His preſent being to preſerve, if he
Preſerved had his prime integrity?
They ſtand in force, but we, now fallen blind
Judicially, death and deſtruction find
Amidſt the means of life: but yet our King
Doth us to light and life from darkneſs bring,
So as that now we may moſt clearly ſee,
That ev'ry caſe we come through doth agree
With our condition preſent, preſuppoſe
We ſhould much weakneſſe under wrath diſcloſe.
And as, amongſt the ſons of men, we find
That many are, in many things, inclin'd
Alike, none of all *Adam*'s race have been,
That in all things to ſympathize were ſeen;
For as we diff'rent in our faces be,
So in our gifts is great diverſity.
But as all Simples, from the earth that grow,
Or from th'elementary Ocean flow,
By skilfull compoſition refin'd,
Wonders do work when they are well combin'd:
Ev'n ſo with men, in all their ſev'rall motions,
Deeds, diſpoſitions, and their various notions,
There doth reſult, by heavens high decree,
To our great King, a heav'nly harmonie.
Let it our ſtudy deep be, to deviſe
The Author of theſe wonders how to prize;

How we are wonderfully made to be
From nothing, and maintained wonderously.
How wonderfully have we wandred far?
How wonderfully we reclaimed are?
Wonder upon that glorious Majesty
That shines on all his works so wondrously!
Wonder upon his condescentions sweet,
Whereby these wonders with our weakness meet!
Him, him, who perfect is and infinite,
Simple, eternall, essentially compleat,
Surpassing wonder, sacredly adore,
And in adoring humbly wonder more!
Wonder upon his wisdomes deep contriving!
By death to bring thy death-bound lifes relivieng:
That his eternall Son thy flesh assum'd,
To ransom thee that unto death was doom'd:
That he eternally did so delight
T'obscure his glory, to procure thy light:
That by th'eternal Sp'rit he us inspires,
With grace divine, faith and devote desires:
To know, believe himself, his truth and love,
And thereinto most loyally to move.
These be the contemplations best, that can
Beseem and do become the love-bred man.
These thoughts sublime can elevate alone
The heart, soul-savory fruit to feast upon:
To seal an union and communion sweet,
In all transcendent love, divine, compleat:
With him in heav'n, who hath mans nature plac'd,
And by his spirit as on earth so grac'd.
Let us suppose, that all the worlds of men
Stood upon life that ever lived, then

That

That every man a different world were,
Of all things that hath been, ſhall be, or are;
And variouſly theſe all were animated,
With all indowments that have been created;
Theſe all were, alſo, into one compacted,
And all were in one quinteſſence extracted.
Thoſe ſpirits pure, moſt peircing ſure ſhould prove,
And yet be dazled at this depth of love.
In darkeſt clouds this love finds out a cleft,
To ſend a death-bound ſoul a quickning lift;
And when our Sun ſeems be eclipſed far,
Faith playes her courſe by the leaſt twinkling ſtar.
The Wran may flighter on this oceans brim,
The Dolphine dyve, the Elephant may ſwim.
For loves ſweet ſympathies conſiſt in looks,
Blinks, ſmiles and ſmells, whereby the Lover hooks
The loved, and the loved thence again,
From paſſion ſtrong cannot it ſelf refrain.
Let this ſuffice, and ere we do remove,
We'll conſolate this Lady ſick of love:
Her Lover ſhall, ere it be long, be ſure,
Shine on her ſoul, and ſo her peace procure;
For ſhe in child-birth of fair grace doth ly,
Let us ſome cordials for her pangs apply.
And now ſpeak dameſell, and let us hear
What fruit from our endeavours doth appear.

Hele. Now am I ſo o'recome, conſtrain'd to note
Your travels for my well have been devote:
For ev'ry parcell of your free confeſſions
Renews the ſenſe to me of like tranſgreſſions;
But now in ſpeciall, you have ſpecified
Some errors, that I would were rectified;

And all that ye have ſaid, I muſt confeſſe,
For every word my grief may well increaſe.
When I look up, what my moſt Princely Love,
Before he brought me here, made me to prove;
And likewiſe, alſo, ſince he brought me here,
What kingly bounty daily doth appear,
Freely beſtow'd upon a fondling poor,
Whoſe worth could never thing, but wrath procure?
And now I am convinc'd, for I have prov'd,
That with ſuch fervent love he hath me lov'd:
That for my frailties, and infirmineſſe great,
His grace and mercy he would not retreat:
Or that his bowels, which for me were moved,
By this my ſtumbling ſhould have been removed;
But this rich bounty, and this love divine
I loſt, and am, deſerv'dly, left to dwine
And pine away, in ſp'rituall poverty,
For pride of ſp'rit, unſeen takes root in me:
Which now I find the cauſe of all my anguiſh,
Wherein I do conſume away and languiſh:
Nor ſhould I yet have ſeen this vain conceit,
But by the fruit of that vile root of late:
For I did ſuffer my fond heart to think
That I was ſetled, ſo I could not ſink:
And that by grace receiv'd I could ſuſtain,
Till from this tent tranſlated I had been:
I doated on his gifts, did not adore
Himſelf, of whom I did enjoy that ſtore:
The idol of the heart was ſet in place
Above the Author of my grace and peace:
And now, therefore, of force confeſſe I muſt,
His judgements are both righteous and juſt:

For grace abus'd, thus graceleſſe here to ly,
In place of peace, in deep perplexity.
Sam. And art thou paſt recov'ry, can'ſt thou ſay?
Is there no ground of hope whereon to ſtay?
Or art thou ſo vain-gloriouſly affected,
Ev'n when that ſeed of Satan is diſſected?
Hele. No, but I am therewith infected ſore,
That ſeperate I cannot any more
Therefrom, then from my ſelf, for it's become
Deaf to rebuke, and to defence but dumb.
Sam. Doſt thou not know, for this is ſtill confeſt,
Remnants in us remain undiſpoſſeſt:
Of much perverſity, which all our life
To purge, will keep us in continuall ſtrife?
Hele. And I immunity do not, indeed,
From provocation, or correction plead.
But this a ſprig ſo privily doth ſprout,
And with the root and fruit of grace break out
So ſp'ritually, and ſo commixt convoy'd,
Untill it get the life of grace deſtroy'd.
Ev'n as theſe ſp'rits, whereby we be enliv'd,
By veins and arteries, the blood deriv'd
Out from the heart the body to maintain,
Unknown contains therewith the bodies bain;
For what I do, or what I do endure,
Progreſſe in grace to make, or growth procure:
In mortifying ſelf, ſelf to reform,
This venom unawars doth all deform:
I cannot ſpeak a word by rule of reaſon,
Nor think nor act religiouſly in ſeaſon:
But this vile poyſon of ſpirituall pride,
Doth ſliely in the heart deceitfull ſlide.

This

This is the thing our King could not endure
In Angels, for by pride they fell impure:
What may I then (base wretch impure) expect,
Who on some drams of grace receiv'd reflect?
I am as if of grace a treasure sure
In store I could at my command procure,
Whereas my conscience shewes that I am stain'd
With all that justly may make me disdain'd:
And that which might this mighty monster check,
His subtilty perverse, detect and break:
But with this tincture now I am so tainted,
And throughly as I were therein indented:
Which when I see, and am ashamed sore,
Haughty hereof I do become the more.

Sam. And what but grace, in this most fearfull sight,
Could thee sustain against the Serpents slight?
Whereby thou formerly hes still prevailed
Gainst all the policie he hes assailed.

Hele. The flesh and spirit defil'd with thoughts impure,
Which carnall hearts do unto lusts allure:
I see and do gainstand by grace, but this
Bred up with grace, grace to displace it is;
And cannot pitch but on the print of grace,
Sincerity of grace for to deface.

Sam. How then is this thou can so moved be,
Since grace thou does confesse remains in thee:
Whereon this witch doth fix and keep thee waking,
And cast thee over in this fever quaking?
Consider, when a King provok'd hes been
By his own Son, by many pranks obscene,
Should give commands in bands to make him ly
In prison dark, to humble him thereby:

And yet indulgently again relent,
To try if he his folly would repent,
Give orders for his further liberty,
Out of the prison dark to set him free:
And yet this ranting child should still remain
So senseless as to think he could retain
This life of freedom, and abused light,
By his own industry or naturall right:
Were it not then convenient for to cast
Him in the darkest pit in fetters fast,
Till he by pain and pinching hunger there,
Were taught of vain conceits for to despair?
Doth this comparison thy pallat please?
Can'st thou apply it to thy own disease?
And if thou can, then shall it truely prove
The strongeffects of a Parentall love.

Hele. Nothing in nature can decipher more
The case and cause of my distractions sore:
But naturall causes have a naturall cure,
Yet who a wounded spirit can endure?
How far the heavens above the earth doth bend,
Spirituall things our naturall thoughts transcend.
My Princely Parent penetrats the sp'rit,
And loves the single humble heart contrite:
He, He alone, with searching piercing eyes,
This privy pride and arrogancie sees:
And cannot passe't, for it doth derogate
Most from His dispensations intimate.
Hereby in bondage I indure these stounds,
These hellish torments and these deadly wounds
Of conscience, wherein I to death am bleeding,
Forc't by the folly of this fancie feeding,

Sam. I would have thought thou shouldst preferred far
Thy Lovers wisdom, and affections were
All similies before could be devis'd
By any finite creature, or advis'd:
Thou by his secret censures sees, he sees
The deepest of these damned subtilties:
And throws thee under bondage, till thou be
Taught how to guard against this devilry.
Now then consider him who sees so brightly,
And in such wisdom makes the wound so rightly:
Physick appoints the poyson for to drain
From the infected soul, and flesh to strain:
Which by experience many children knows
Is tended with the like tormenting throws:
But wants He skill or will, who is our King,
Both health and heav'n out of this hell to bring?
Albeit this tumor must retain a tent,
The remnant of the humour for to vent,
Faith in thy Lover hath this strong perfume,
Which can this poyson pestilent consume.

Hele. This devilrie so close to me doth cleave,
Which man and angel from my King doth drive,
That I am tott'ring much on this turmoile,
And tortured so, most like to take the foile.

Sam. Come, come, we ly too long aloof, I see,
Towards the shoar now let us tackling be.
Mistakes, misapplications most miscarries
The minds of many, when their judgements varies:
Bemisted in the want of faith, whereby
They should distinctly see, weigh and apply.
We have been speaking of much fervent love,
Which in thy Lover doth His beloved move;

But

But now, Oh thou, much loved once, admire,
What moſt tranſcendent love doth here appear,
When He redeem'd thee thou waſt loſt, and yet
Thou wilt thy ſelf deſtroy, if He permit.
That grace thy Lovers gift (thy glory) ſhould
Thy bain become, imagine this who could?
Or could thou have imagin'd that thy flouriſh
A cancar-worm into the bud could nouriſh?
Or that when thou was ſatisfied with ſinging,
Thou was unto thy idoll incenſe bringing?
This cockatrice to kill in ſecret lyes,
But being ſeen, the by her venom dies.
Grace from the Author, as from the fountain water,
When cut, becometh putrified mater,
Like blood, which from the heart, through all the veins
In circular motion by the nerves retains
Strength in the membets, and returns again,
To pay the tribute and more vigour drain:
But being obſtructed, it corrupt becomes,
The member wanting nouriſhment benums,
Or as our curling brooks and ſilver ſtreams,
Which from the fountain to the river foames,
By ſecret cranies, through the ground, the ſame
Sweet current turns unto from whence ſhe came.
Right ſo our Lover and our Princely King,
The ocean unexhauſted and the ſpring,
Of whom we have, from whom do derive
All that we do enjoy, in whom we live.
While from this ſourſe we daily vigour drive,
Life to preſerve, and let it paſſage have,
Uninterrupted to the ſont amain,
Then it's increaſt, and we refreſht again:

But

But when theſe gifts of grace we do ſeclude
From this right courſe, we do our ſelves denude
Of all our comfort, whence doth ſwiftly grow,
(If not foreſeen) our ſudden overthrow:
Loves darling then, doſt thou not thence conclude,
Thy ardent Lover hath thee dearly lov'd:
Who for a little ſpace his grace reſtrains,
That thou may ſeek himſelf, where grace remains.
This love tranſcendent might a heart of ſteel
Melt, when affections do ſuch fervour feel.

Hele. My heart is rather like a heart of flint,
Which cannot melt, but doth endure the dint.

Sam. Loves force to fleſh thy ſtony heart converts.

Hele. Love unto pride my fleſhly heart perverts.

Sam. A fleſhly heart is vices willing ſlave,
A heart of fleſh impreſſions doth receive
Of grace and vertue, whereby vice it ſees,
Reſiſts, ſubdues, rejoyce in victories.

Hele. Oh now! was any ever ſunk ſo far
In deaths dark ſhade, and yet delivered were.

Sam. Believe me, for I do aſſure thee, this
Of many children the condition is;
And ne're an abject did as yet bemoan
This ground of grief where-under thou doſt groan:
But ſo it is, that till experience teach,
We do not to the rule of practice reach.

Hele. Happy, thrice happy ſhould I ſuch eſteem,
Who by experience ſo well taught had been,
To keep that order in his princely ſight,
As His ſweet company continue might.

Sam. It's true we are new born again indeed,
And planted here upon heav'ns dew to feed:

But our Bride-groom, with whom there is no change,
Most faithfull bides, in all our failings strange:
Yet will permit to tempt us, for our triall,
As we may best be bred to self-deniall:
The gravell also of this poys'ned flesh
Seeds do ingross, that would spring up afresh,
Unlesse by crosses and corrections meet
They were suppresst, and we more purifi'd.
But this in gen'rall we may all conclude,
That ev'ry stripe we get is for our good:
Though bitter, biting, sad and fretting sore,
Sweet fruit unto thy taste shal come the more;
And when by proof we find the sweet effects
Produc'd in ev'ry one our King elects;
As purging potions life and health preserving,
Preventing us from sinking in our swerving:
The old man and his notions so subduing,
The new man and his motions so renewing,
That we in our infirmnesse do rejoice,
And under all our suff'rings do repose
In such submission as sweet peace doth bring,
Whence, out of sorrow, heav'n on earth doth spring:
Whereof if we did not our selves deprive
By fond mistakes, we should delightfull live.
Then for to condescend of force we must,
That no affliction springeth from the dust,
Nor yet temptation doth from fortune flow,
But do by Providence directly grow,
And by heav'ns wisdom unto us apply'd,
That we may be perfected when we're try'd.

Hel. In ev ry thing this day that can be nam'd,
I find my self most worthy to be blam'd;

As in this ſolitar reſerv'd deſign,
Which certainly much detriment doth bring
To many, and if that the force of love,
Which in this famous fellowſhip doth move,
Me to attend, ſo for my help inclin'd,
Far contrar to my ſelf-conceited mind,
I ſhould have been in this confuſion longer,
Weak'ned my ſelf, and made my bands the ſtronger;
For, till theſe free diſcourſes do appear,
In this ſociety aſſembled here,
And by this timous and this tender treating,
Wherein your Grace hath been with me debating,
I never could have thought a ſoul could live,
To which ſo much contagion ſhould cleave:
At leaſt a perſon, in this land of grace,
That could the tract of ſuch vain idols trace.
But now more perfectly I do perceive,
That he who freely ſought us out, muſt ſave,
And by immediate grace muſt ſtill preſerve:
For daily we to be diſgrac'd deſerve.
Now to believe, O but I do deſire!
But ſenſleſſe prove when I would moſt aſpire.

Sam. Thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelf moſt ſenſible of hearing:
Conſent therefore, thou ſhalt come unto clearing.

Hel. Some of Gods ſons, as they have heard have ſeen
Some, that they might endure, have ſuffred been
To take a blink of Him cannot be ſeen.

Sam. Now may we clearly ſee what thou doſt mean:
Thou ſenſleſſe prov'ſt, indeed, in thy deſirings,
Which properly in thee are proud aſpirings:
Its ſtrange thou ſhouldſt be ſatisfi'd ſo ſlightly,
Not vap'ring for high viſions more brightly,

Or looking to be rapt above heav'ns arches,
About the borders of the divine marches.
Muſt thou be ſteward of the Royal treaſure?
Will no leſs ſerve thy ſenſe than *Moſes* meaſure?
Hatt thou for ſuch a charge ſo ſtrong a back?
Should not thy brains below the burden break?
Job, faithfull in incomparable trialls,
In darkeſt dayes, gave dev'ls and men defyalls:
And never got a blink of light, untill
He fell ſubmiſſive to his Makers will.
Thou knows we live by faith, and not by ſight,
By faith we ſuffer, and prevail in fight.
Where is the fruit of all that ſenſe receiv'd
By thee before: and what if all that's crav'd,
Were ſtreamed out upon thy ſtrong deſires,
Shouldſt thou not ſpend them on thy carnall fires?
And when theſe ſparkles of thy heart were ſpent,
So much the more thy ſorrow ſhould augment.
The child of light, through fearfull darkneſſe groping,
Takes faſter grip and firmer hold, by hoping.
Thou canſt not deem, and nothing now thou knows,
Who at the coals of this corruption blows:
Nor ſee how ſliely Lucifer can ſlide,
At twi-light time, a plant of privy pride:
Ev'n when we do in all our ſtrength reſiſt,
Then can he at the part beſt fenced thruſt,
And cunningly cauſe us ly open there,
Whereat the poyſon'd dart he doth prepare.
This venom all of us do clearly ſee,
This child of grace her great vexation be:
And when ſhe armed beſt againſt it is,
How Satan can infeſt her with a kiſſe.

Advert with wonder, heav'nly, earthly hosts,
Wonder, all glorious, glorified ghosts:
Wonders are seen which make you all adore,
Renewed marvels make you wonder more.
Pure spirits, fill the souls of your desirings,
Extend your minds unto these deep admirings,
The quintessence of heav'ns counsell glorious,
Man murder'd, on his murderer victorious,
In suff'ring Satan sift, and so surprize,
And with such depth of subtilty devise
Uncessantly, and in such wyndings lurking
Ev'n in our duties, our destruction working.
But here the myst'ry of salvation is
Crown'd with the cape-stone of eternal bless
Of preservation, by our glorious King,
Who our deliv'rance by his death doth bring:
An instance clear hereof, before our eyes,
All the beholders evidently sees:
A chosen, called, faithfull child of grace,
Who for the prize most fervently doth prease,
Too much neglecting what she had before,
And strongly stretching to increase the more.
One much enrich'd with light, and lively motions,
Experience deep, and many spirituall notions,
In darkness for deliverance debating,
Her poor condition and her case relating,
Sincerely set, our counsell to receive,
But sylour'd, can her self not undeceive;
For at her best attainment now you see,
How Satan snatches opportunity:
He sees the cup she doth delight to drink,
And in the liquor doth the poyson sink.

Let us infer, from what we have been hearing,
And from this pregnant instance here appearing:
Since all the children of the first Creation
Deservedly are under condemnation,
And that the cause ev'n to the Elect cleaves
So close, as unto any one that lives:
And that we ev'ry one are severally,
According to our humors diversly,
To some deceit or other more propense,
Then can appear by search unto our sense,
Which would unto infinitnesse amount
Above what finite we could make acompt:
And that so many legions of lights,
Malicious devils and spiritual mights,
Our natures, cases, places, erudition,
Daily attend our changes and condition;
And every one with every severall bait,
For every posture on us all await.
For this proud wretch doth desp'rately disdain,
That we should be restor'd by grace again:
Or that our nature now should be renewed,
Or venom purged out, that he had spued
Therein, whereby we in his Image stood,
Till it be blotted out by divine blood;
Yet we, even we that most enlightned be,
Too careless live, before this cruelty
Much more, and most for to be blam'd we prove,
Not studying still this boundlesse depth of love,
Which in our Lover moves him feed and keep
His straying, sterving and restored sheep;
Yet all that we can do, doth but increase
Our debt, but more his mercy doth expresse.

This love we clearly cannot look to see,
Untill this body clarified be,
At least, untill it be dissolv'd, that so
The soul her Lover to enjoy may go.
But how is this that we cannot submit
Unto this wisdome, and our selves acquit
By firm believing, as the duty chief,
Whereby from bondage we receive relief?
We see not that our drouping and dejections
His faithfulnesse dishonours, by reflections,
The growth of grace and inward peace obstructs,
The seeds of weeds into the heart conducts,
Th'envyous man with all his snares and cares,
The serpent slie with all his slights and snares.
Canst thou before the fiery tryall stand,
When men and devils do against thee band?
Such are in store, and more, thee to befall,
If fond conceits thy folly foster shall:
Ambition such were much to be commended,
Which with sobriety might be defended:
But ye who by confiding quiet may
Repose, beware presumption to bewray.
The Lark, the Princely Eagle ne're envyes,
Suppose she see him skifting through the skies:
Ten thousand stage above her highest higher,
The suns resplendant beams and beauty nigher.
I am too tedious, but to be excused,
Such disputs to anticipate are used.
Dear daughter, once disdain for to repine
At dispensations that are so divine:
Restrain the rising of such grosse deceits:
Refrain deviling of such crosse debates.

A litt

A little faith finds out a fair relief.
Say, I believe, Lord help my unbelief,
And once resolve submission sincere,
Like to the pupill in the fathers fear,
Till which thou cannot put thy faith in act,
To comfort thee, though thou thy brains should crack:
Come then, threap kindnesse yet upon thy King,
Tell him that in the prison thou wilt sing
His praises, and ne're cease untill thou see
His face in grace, and then imbraced be.
This counsell, daughter, for to practice strive,
For it shall prove the way to make thee thrive;
He either shall the cloud of mist remove,
Or thee remove the clouds and mist above,
Where thou's be feasted in a minuts space,
With all the fruits of thy believing grace:
And from that instant, in eternity
Thy King enjoying shall rejoycing be.

Hele. O fearfull cloud of separation sad,
What heart can hear and not for fear fall mad?
Oh wonderfull! that ye so wise can move
Me to unmoved stand, who must remove,
Where death bound ghosts down go, deprived of light,
And suffer so in an eternall night.

Sam. How art thou now come up at words to carpe?
Perverting sense, and using censures sharp,
And wherein thou convinced art before,
Would lead us unto repetitions more:
But lend a blink unto our travels past,
And thou thy self wilt censure for thy haste,
For we are leading thee into believing,
While thou unto thy facile sense art cleaving.

Hele. Oh, to believe 'twere possible for me,
But till I can, excuse, I cannot lie:
And well I know it is Gods love constrains
You to this more then ordinary pains:
And I shall let you see I do not slight
Your travels, but do still recent them right:
For I confesse, your presence all before,
There's not a word hath past you less or more,
In reference to my condition duely,
But found so plain, I do apply it truely:
And I shall not deny but I have tasted
The Heav'nly Manna, and thereon have feasted:
And at the fountain have refreshed been,
Therein revived and returned clean.
And that when (slumbring) I began to swell,
I have been left in darknesse for to dwell,
Untill it pleas'd my King, who knows my pain,
For my relief me to revive again.
I likewise do confesse what ye have said,
In ref'rence unto provocations made,
Which have recited been by severall here,
And pertinently made for to appear
From sound-experience, much diversity,
And neareſt numberlesse variety,
That with the like I have been led astray,
And drawn upon my self a cloudy day:
The crosse did with corruption so increase,
I forc'd have been my folly to confesse,
For I might read in every severall rod
Real offences against a righteous God,
Who yet from wretched-me did not remove
His tender mercy, faithfulnesse and love:

For in his coming I might daily see
His goings were for wak'nings unto me.
Again, I shall not take unto denyals,
But that I have acquainted been with tryals
From all the Fiends and their infernall states,
Where I have often felt and dealt debates.
His brood within his instruments without,
Inviron and invest me round about,
And yet from all their cruelty and spight
Have been preserv'd from that malicious might,
And where they had permission to perplex,
Turn'd to my good, and them the more may vex:
And as this is by you my friends affirmed,
Is likewise now by me again confirmed.
But not the lesse, place, that I can say,
I have no benefite thereby this day:
You have been arguing long and I replying,
Contending much, and many things denying,
Wherein convinc'd that ye the right maintain,
Yet know ye not what sorrows I sustain,
For I had never darknesse known aright,
If once I had not seen the shining light,
Nor what it were to be beslav'd with devils,
If of their seed I had not seen the evils,
Nor what deliv'rance or defence could mean,
If fearfull danger were not something seen,
But while so many eminent I see,
For light and life, inlargement, liberty,
Forsaken, and before the tryall fail,
How can I then presume for to prevail,
Who now so long, so fearfully do ly,
Without relief or hope of remedy?

If ye my dolours knew, ye would deplore
That wofull anguish and vexation sore
That I am wrangled with and wrapped in,
When terrours of the second death begin,
Of outward suffering I make no acount,
Although they do (ye know) too much amount:
A raging devil in the wicked reeling,
Venting their venom with villanous reviling.
Professed friends do privily supplant
The most engaged in their ranting taunt:
And being held in fetters, raging roar,
Because they cannot reach for to devour
My person, means, profession and my name,
To burie in the dust of death they dream,
But when the prince of darkneſſe doth begin,
This dark and dozned heart again within,
To raise his works, and to enlive his brood,
What can I, (men) leſſe then loſt wretch conclude?
And more, this tyrant hath attain'd the leading
Of my affections, ev'n while I am pleading
Against his faunings and his flatt'ring baits,
Whereby I dragged am in dang'rous straits,
And cannot stint, because I have no strength,
Nor hope to be relieved at the length;
For this I sigh, for this I weep and mourn,
For this my bowels in my belly turn,
For this I seperate my self alone,
For this my blood and moisture both are gone.
Because the Comforter, that can relieve
My heart, no answer for my grief doth give:
But in this desp'rate case, at distance keep,
While all these serpents do about me sweep

With open jaws, ſharp claws and cruell ſting,
Truſting to ſink, and ſwallow quick, they ſing.
Sam. Well I perceive, you have at length been plain,
Yet all doth turn unto one thing again,
Except ſome aggravation of the ſpace,
The meaſure and ingredients in the caſe:
This cloſſe eclipſe, with ſtorms of flying fire,
Darkneſſe and thundring bolts of dreadfull ire
From devils and from every inſtrument
They could deviſe, to work thy detriment,
And then leaſt for thy ſelf to ſtand and fight,
So far above thy cunning and thy might:
Partly, becauſe that thou hes known them fall,
Compar'd with thee a ſhrub, were cedars tall;
But yet look over thine accounts, and caſt,
Thou may come to a reckoning right at laſt.
Theſe perſons eminent at firſt did yeeld,
They never try'd the fight upon thee field:
And look again aright, and thou ſhalt ſee
Such as thy ſelf triumph in victory:
Who in the fight by ſlight have oft been foil'd,
And yet by ſtrength renew'd, the ſpoiler ſpoild:
Conſider alſo, if thou couldſt have ſtood
Before old Belial and his brutiſh brood:
If they were not by chains of ſtrength reſtrain'd,
And thou to uſe thy armes aright were train'd.
The meaſure and the ſpace which moſt doth move thee,
Is the appointment of thy Prince to prove thee:
That thou may taſte His power in preſerving,
Under thy want and weakneſſe of deſerving.
Do no more plague thy ſelf with this debate,
Againſt this bleſſed and believing ſtate.

A fixed

A fixed faith all ſlaviſh fear removes,
And in its orbe unto the Author moves:
For meaſure, time and means, ſimplie ſurrender
Thy ſelf to Him, He is wiſe, kind and tender,
Whereof much rich experience thou abuſes,
And for tranquillity this torment chuſes:
Wherein be ſure thou ſhalt be tortured, till
Thou do ſubmit ſincerly to His will.

Hele. Now do I well perceive by your diſcourſe,
I have not ſoundly looked to the ſourſe
Of diſpenſations, as I might have ſeen,
A ſecret providence did me ſuſtain,
Ev'n in theſe darkeſt dayes and dangers dread,
Which all my torture and my torment breed:
For if I had, then had I never thought
Theſe fiery-brands, that my vexation wrought,
Had looſed been, but were in fetters ty'd,
And ſuff'red but to bark till I were try'd.
I likewiſe ſee (as you have ſaid) that ſuch,
Who in a flouriſh hes profeſſed much,
The field did never by confeſſion face,
But turn'd in ſearching tryals with diſgrace.
And for the meaſure and the ſpace, I know
It's good for me ſo to be keped low:
I ſuffered was many eſſayes to take,
Which weigh'd aright, might many humble make,
And upon me there lyes, unto believing,
More real bands then upon any living:
And now, that I ſhould limit him, doth wound
Me moſt, to whom I am ſo deeply bound:
And that I have ſo wilfully reſiſted
The ſp'rit, whereby you have with me inſiſted;

For I have doing been what in me lay
My soul unto the murderer to betray:
But now my Saviour worthily shall have
His will, for He, I see, will me but save:
And here I do acknowledge my mistakes,
And that my diffidence the dottage makes:
Bemisted in the mud so have I been,
And so gainsaid what I have felt and seen:
The truth of all that ye have now expresst
Is clear to me, and so by me confesst;
For He my Lover, is not only wise,
And strong and fair, and lovely in mine eyes,
But He is wisdom, beauty, might and love,
Where all delihgts most eminently move,
His countenance the Suns bright rayes obscures,
His love the adamantine heart allures,
His wisdom all His works in order dresses,
His might maintains His right, and pride suppresses:
And I am bound His bountie to believe,
Which changes not, but shall my sp'rit relieve,
In His good time, on whom I do rely,
And studie shall my self how to deny.

Sam. Now art thou happy, and my heart is glad
To see thy faithfull heart from fainting fred:
Hold fast and follow hard with firm desires,
Faith quenches not, but kindles sacred fires.

Hele. It doth become me well to wait, I see;
But, Oh again, that He would smile on me:
How shall I find Him out? and where, I pray?

Sam. Hold straight, believe me, thou art in the way:
Deck up thy self, approach, He sees thee come,
And with His comforts shall thee overcome.

The Royal King a Princely Garden plants
With curious flowres, and thither daily haunts,
Feeding among the Lillies, smelling Roses,
Nuts, Spices and perfums, composing Poses.
A sweet Loves feast for thee He doth prepare
Down in the fruitfull flow'ry valleys there;
And from the valley shall convey thee thence,
Where thy try'd faith in that long long'd-for sence
Is swallowed up, there, where the marriage loves
Exceeding all conceiv'd desires thou proves:
There, where He shall thy faith-bred soul imbrace
Within the consolations of His face:
Wherein the splendor of that brightnesse poring,
And in the glory of that glore adoring,
Renewed rayes, immortall life restoring,
Admiring, magnifying, and sweetly soaring
High up amongst these holy, heavenly hosts
Of glorious and glorified ghosts,
With golden harps about the throne who sing
New songs of their redemption to their King.

Hele. O but these sweet expressions relish well,
My frozen heart begins to melt I feel,
These words unto my wearied soul I think,
Like precious oyl so savingly do sink,
Slides down, like my Beloveds wine so sweetly,
Wakens from sleep, my tongue to speak compleatly.
O that once for Himself He would me seal!
What can be nam'd that may with love prevail:
Insist therefore, For I do gladly hear,
And till the tongue be loos'd shall lend the ear.

Sam. The weakest means have force enough to move
Affections, when they be surpriz'd with love.

He

He cals and sees thee come from mountains steep,
Which Leopards and cruel Lyons keep,
Leaning on thy Beloved, who doth love
His truth and strength at length to see thee prove.
Observe with me this brief gradation now,
And I shall cease a space and hearken you.
For help to our capacity, compare
The outward splendor of this fabrick, where
By nature from the caverns of the womb,
Out of which dungeon to the world thou came:
Again compare the difference aright
Betwixt this Paradice and that dark night
Of nature, which the other so transcends,
As over bodies lively sp'rits ascends,
And there the diff'rence vast again conceive,
Betwixt the life of sense we shall receive,
And this of faith, wherein we forward thrust,
Untill we be refined in the dust.
When interruptions all shall be removed,
And we inlarg'd to love as we be loved,
In knowing and injoying him who is
The Author of our everlasting blesse.
In this gradation we may something see,
But under what it is infinitley.

SONG

SONG I.

Light out of Darkneſſe.

Hil. INfinitely, moſt certainly, for feeble we
Conceive aright cannot theſe myſteries:
The ſpot upon our blotted eyes rejecting
Theſe rayes, which yet with ſplendor bright reflecting
Upon the then-capacitated ſp'rits,
Which warming beams affections invites:
But ſo tranſcendent, that our preſent caſe
Such ſuper-excellency cannot imbrace;
For dazled with theſe gliſtring gleams,
What we receive ſeems be but dreams,
When we let ſlip, by our ſecure neglectings,
The grip of faith, glaming at theſe reflectings;
Spare therefore to compare,
our deepeſt apprehenſions
Do but impair his praiſe,
whoſe love's above dimenſions;
He is more fragrant, when he's moſt remote,
Then neareſt, deareſt loves whereon we doat.
Conjecture then, when he appears ſo near,
That thou may'ſt touch, and taſte, and ſmell, and hear.
Tell, if thou can, this other man,
And ſo we ſhall recall our long debate,
And treat of love for all;
For mine he is, and I am his,
And who could wiſh ſo high a bleſſe,

A

As to be treas'ring up a ſtock of praiſe,
While we are hurling through theſe whirling dayes.
Sam. Now, my dear friends, it ſeems to me ye ſhrink,
And I may well conjecture what ye think:
I ſhew'd you firſt, that you ſhould ſurely ſee
Matters to make you much a muſing be.
Eliza. This ſudden change makes me indeed admire,
And yet the reaſon muſt of thee enquire:
And that ſhe may be prayed to proceed,
That on her fulneſs we may further feed.

Song I. continued.

Hel. God, in his Saints ador'd, admir'd,
My ſoul exalts, this day deſir'd,
Of his free grace, he hath appointed,
Among this fellowſhip anointed,
With ghoſtly graces for my grieves,
So as my life a new revives:
Surpriz'd with ſenſe of love ſo far,
That flaming my affections are,
And for the time can do no more,
But th' Author of this love adore,
And gladly would be ſet to ſing
The praiſes of my Spouſe and King:
And to record his noble acts,
Who paſſeth by my fond miſtakes,
And ſmiles upon my face again,
That I may faithfull hence remain.
Now all you ſweeteſt ſaints that uſes
To haunt theſe ſhads, you ſacred Muſes
And Graces, that with me did groan
In my diſtracted, mourning moan:

Earth

Earth, rivers, all below, above,
Come ſympathize in ſongs of love,
Of love, above all parallell, ſo far
As ſtars above the earthly glob that are.
You Groves and Downs, where erſt I deadly lay,
I'le riſe, and dance about your doors this day.

Eliza. Oh now! for ſtirring ſpirits, that could move
Amongſt the flames of this heart-forcing love:
Amongſt the wonders of this world, moſt ſtrange,
What can compare with this ſweet ſudden change?
This day of gladneſſe, let us now agree
To ſolemnize this glorious victory;
I reverence do the Providence Divine,
Which in this meeting doth ſo clearly ſhine:
But for to ſing or ſay, confuſed here,
I cannot ſpeak, or do, but ſtill admire.

Sam. Come, I will take thee by the hand, we'll go
With her, alongſt theſe Downs and Groves alſo,
Where ſhe hath wandred in her weighty dayes,
And ceaſe their ſorrow with a ſong of praiſe:
Then South begin, and blow upon our Myrtle trees,
And North proceed to ſhow thy ſtrength, to eternize
This glory in each airt, a croſſe the continent,
The whole Creation may with our Love-ſongs conſent.
Now, rocks, begin to roar, for ye's the Treble take:
And trees, attend your lowre, for ye's the Tenor make:
My ſelf the Baſe ſhall be: Muſes, be ye the Meen,
So we ſhall ſeriouſly ſing, Solace we have ſeen.

SONG

SONG II.

Life out of Death.

Sam. SAy on, say on, solaced sweetly surely we have been.
Jea. Play on, play on, sense-moving mater surely we have seen.

Rocks. We's roar and cry,
Trees. Our strength we's try,
Our roots lay by,
With startling on our stumps.
Seas. Huge Oceans we,
Mounts. Main Mountains high,
Hills. We Hills that be,
resound shal your transumpts.
Our solace is in thee, who loves the heart contrite,
And is a sanctuary unto the broken sp'rit:
Great joyes to thine thou dost propine,
By love divine, up with thy self eternall:
When all thy foes, with the godlesse goes
In endlesse woes, down to the pit infernall.
Thus all the joy of mind,
And solace we have seen,
Is his sweet face, inclin'd,
In love still springing green:
So glory we, in knowing Thee, our King to be,
our Life, our Love, our Light:

Who

Who bought us dear, and keeps us here,
till we appear,
by grace in glory bright.

Jea. Sweet maid, thou doſt to melody incline,
Our minds to move in myſteries divine:
Rapt up, in moſt Seraphick-love, to ſing
The praiſes of our high exalted King.

SONG III.

Liberty out of Bondage.

Sam. NOw thou, who dying is in this abyſſe of bleſ
Conveyed through all theſe wonders,
To be enjoyed by ſo many numbers,
Who were by *Adam* old depraved,
And by the ſecond *Adam* ſaved:
Thou having then ſeen what thou can
In that great myſtery, of Divine Majeſty,
GOD-MAN.
And doth aſpire, with all deſire,
to pry, and to admire
Theſe excellencies, the quinteſſences
Of all felicity, in their ſimplicity:
Yet think theſe things to be more high,
Then can conceived be, under mortalitie,
More then the child unborn, by its ſagacity,
Hes of capacity, for to conceive aright

Of this large Universe, where we conveiſe,
untill it come to light;
So ſhould it be with thee in heav'nly places,
Amongſt theſe faces, made ſo fair,
By the ſplendor ſhining there,
That thou ſhould'ſt diſdain,
And mourn to turn again
Unto theſe earthly treaſures,
And all created pleaſures:
And ſhouldſt admire ſo much, and more,
As if thou wert deſign'd
Alive to be enſhrin'd
in that live-tomb
Of the mothers womb, for evermore;
Yet think again, what ſhall become of ſome
who never dreams of theſe ſad theams,
Till they be hurl'd in everlaſting flames,
without remiſſion, or relenting,
When time is paſt of pardon by repenting.

Hel. Oh now, my ſoul! ſhall theſe thee now exceed
In Songs, alongſt theſe ſtreams whilſt
they thee lead?
Thou dazles, doating where thy guides do go:
But proſtrate be, and here in exceſſe ſhow,
With joy of heart, that none can equalize
A ſoul thus raviſh'd, who ſhall eternize
The praiſes of her Love with ſuch content,
Who freed her from ſo fearfull detriment:
Who feeds her now with ſo delicious fare,
And doth propine her with ſuch riches rare:
And leads her to the Land, where ſhe may ſee
His face, by grace, where joy and glory be.

Now, that I may your sweeteſt ſongs excell,
I'le on my Lovers face adoring dwell:
And as I ſee, and do receive, I ſhall
Report, unto your mutuall comfort all:
Be elevate with full conſent again,
To proſecute this Evangelick ſtrain.

SONG IV.

The Joy of the LORD.

Hel. OUr glorious, our victorious King doth reign,
The hoſts of heav'n do ſing about his Throne,
Where he is gone in all delights to live,
Whence we derive our light and life alone.
Know him who would, make bold, treat for a ſmile:
He never did beguile a true Believer;
He is a River, full of divine delights:
None like Him in the depths, nor in the heights.
For He was dead, and is alive again:
He did ſuſtain hells pain, when he was ſlain:
Our freedom to procure, he did endure
What we deſerved, and never ſwerved:
And of theſe ſtounds he bears the wounds.
Thus ſhalt thou know him, for he is non-ſuch,
And thou ſhalt ſay, too much cannot be ſaid
of ſuch a One

Whom

Whom man and angel, heav'n and earth, alone
Have their dependency eternally upon:
So shalt thou need no more,
One blink shall heal thy sore,
And thou shalt thirst no more:
For He a Fountain is
of blesse supernall,
And this eternall is:
For on his eyes, indeed,
With soul-festivities they feed,
so sweet, so sure,
They cannot more indure to gade:
And when He hides His face,
sad, sad they be:
But groping still, and hoping, till
He smile again,
Or do translate them to his heav'nly Train,
Where all the Members mysticall delighted,
Triumph in him, in whom they are perfected.

Sam. I do rejoice in this thy heart-content.
Hel. And I rejoice that thou wast hither sent.
Jea. And I rejoice here with you both to be.
Hel. And I rejoice, and praise my King for thee.
Sam. Now I must go unto my charge again.
Hel. I pray thee do not so, but stay. *Sam.* Refrain.

Hel. Then one word by thine *Echo* bid me speak.
Echo. Speak.
Hel. Now, need I any more, but to believe?
E. Live.
Hel. And any more to do, but live exact?
E. Act.

Hel. What if I tempted be, shall I endure?
Echo. Dure.
Hel. In suff'ring what will free me from disgrace?
E. Grace.
Hel. Shall I promove, and constantly persevere?
E. Ever.
Hel. And will my dear Love go from me, or no?
E. No.
Hel. Then shall I sure believe, and live, and act,
Endure by grace, and perseverance make.

THE

The Warning.

Jea. OUr deareſt friend unto his charge again
Is gone, and I no longer may remain:
But ere we part, ſweet girle, I muſt thee give
Some warnings, that thou may more warily live.
Thou haſt been weighted in this abſence ſhort,
But ſees not what the journey may import,
Now thou art gliſtering fair upon the mountain,
Extracting life from the life-giving fountain,
They Sp'rits ſp'rituallized are, and poring,
Thy clearer apprehenſions highly ſoaring,
Both bred and fed by divine excellencies,
And breathings of the ſweeteſt influences,
And ſo delighted art to ſhine by grace,
And holineſſe before thy Lovers face:
But yet remember when thou ſadly lay
In bondage, under abſence, then this day
Of ſo clear ſeeing, if thou couldſt conceive
Right, ſo bethink, if now thou canſt believe,
That ever ſuch a thing ſhould thee befall,
As may again thy liberty enthrall:
But in the bodie while thou art, beware,
For we are tempted, and in danger are
To be inſnar'd, for the old man is prone
To ſnatch at every bait before us thrown:
For this, I wiſh thee wiſely to uptake
The caſe of every child of God, and make

The

The diff rence right 'twixt the rebellious man
And the obedient, new-born Christian:
The last a weakling, but a willing child,
The first both wicked, false, perverse and wild;
Upon whose back the crosse, the rod must ly:
The serpents brood may be born down thereby
Which both so numerous and so nimble be,
As atoms in the air before thine eye:
Or vapours-like from brooks corrupt that rise
And do the shining of the Sun surprise:
Such is the sinning sin, such is the seed
Of Sathan in the soul, such is the breed
Whereby the new-born Christian is annoy'd,
Till by the grace of Christ they be destroy'd.
Worldly desires, delights, cares, fears to daun.
The weeds of carnall lust how to supplant,
So as the seed of grace may sweetly spring,
Which successe makes us under sadnesse sing;
Believing certainly the truth of this,
That all these troubles shal encrease thy bless.
And presuppose, by dispensations yet,
Thou were rapt up into an higher sit,
Whereby in Paradise thou could'st behold
Above what either should or could be told:
Couldst thou, who doest in this flesh temple dwel,
Indure these rayes, and neither rust nor swell?
No, under cloud again thou must retreat,
And with the messenger of Satan meet:
Enter the lists therefore, by faith defend
Thy Crown, by perseverance to the end;
For if thou carnally become secure,
Thy fall shall all thy comlinesse obscure.

When under ſad deſertion thou wanders,
And knowſt not what thou doſt, nor where thou danders,
But doeſt what all thy dayes makes thee aſham'd,
When thou art ſmitten and by grace reclaim'd.
Theſe dreadfull, dolefull, theſe diſaſtrous dayes,
When on our ſouls the ſubtill Serpent preyes:
Theſe weaknings, warnings, warmings dipt in love,
Theſe ſmels from heaven, which affections move,
Are meaſ'red out according to the need
Of every member, by the carefull Head:
And if to do, or to endure thou be
Appointed, then anointed thou ſhalt be
With grace ſufficient unto ſtedfaſtneſſe,
And get a blink to comfort in diſtreſſe:
So as a Chriſtian, in thy ſufferings all
Chriſt's gloriſi'd, wherein thou glory ſhall:
And argue may thou art in Him compleat,
When Head and members in affliction meet.
But thou muſt be upon thy guard, and watch,
Againſt the Serpent, at thy ſoul doth ſnatch:
He will unceſſantly againſt thee fight
By ſtratagems, renew'd by day and night,
With ſnares, and nets, and grins laid in the way,
To hold thee faſt, when thou doſt ſlide or ſtray;
And where he finds thee weak or wandring, will
Enter thy breach, and break thee by his skill.
Corruption from within makes open doors,
To what temptations from without occurres.
And ſometime Syren-like he will aſſail
With flatt'ries, but if he do not prevail,
He will affright thee with a thouſands fears,
Which on thy ſp'rit that evil ſpirit rears.

There

There is no course God for our help doth take,
To keep us humble or our comfort make:
But he doth thereunto himself apply,
To make us doat or else despair thereby.
By mediat means when he doth not prevail,
Then by his fiercest darts he will assail,
And levell at thy faith, the fruit of grace,
Thy hope and love, the new man to deface.
He will suggest, inject vile monst'rous notions
Into distrust, of Atheisme the motions,
And seek no better party then our reason,
To parly with him on the points of treason:
Capitulation-proof, he knows to be
Means to o'recome, experimentallie.
Now then the sp'rituall armour timous take,
And to the fight of faith with fervour make,
Under the Royall standard of thy love
Advance, and by his martiall motions move.
Thou know'st Gods secret ones to circumveen,
No hellish plots have unattempted been;
And what cannot the devil yet contrive,
According as his malice doth him drive?
And what is it he can contrive, but sure,
A man to act it out, he shall procure?
For unto such an instrument he can
Masked materials furnish for the man:
And wicked men have still an open ear,
The serpent's subtile whisperings to hear:
And at a wink can change his voice and sight,
Shining Saint-like in much angelick light:
To gaine his point how far he shall prevail
By fained friendship, fawning shall assail,

In such commixtion, and so deep devise,
Here to supplant, and there for to surprise:
But when this craft doth crosse his closse design,
Then in a spleen he sharps his cruell sting,
And in his fury kindles fiery tryals
For all that dare give his commands denyals.
And never think it strange that man forlaken
Of God, hath now of Satan service taken:
Since Law, nor Gospel, Instance, Word or Rod
Will waken, or reclaim lost man to God:
But they in wicked obduration, will
Persist, their fathers lusts for to fulfill.
Or that the devil rationall man can make,
Sometime the colours of a Saint to take:
Another time in tyrrany to boyle,
By cruelty the blood of Saints to spoyle:
For he of every man the Idol knows,
And at his feet his full contentment throws,
And lets him see this is the way alone
To rise, to stand, to settle in his throne:
And cannot this deceiver, thus deceive,
In making him vain-vile-man to conceive,
That when he hath receiv'd the world in hyre
To his ambitious carnall hearts desire:
That as a Saint he hath it to possesse,
And for his followers as their properneſſe.
So as they may by any slight or might
People suppresse, for to maintain that right.
Is not this truth whereon we fix our standing
Clear, that the devil hath man at his commanding:
Prophets, Apostles false, false Christs, also
We warned are to guard against, ye know.

Who when like rav'ning Wolves they be within,
Cloathed like sheep, can so present their skin.
Since *Cain* first his brothers blood did spill,
The first-born man, the second man did kill:
Unto this day men-murd'rers are lurking,
And as they moved be do fall a working.
But lest man should, when he is settled, think
Upon his wicked course, and then forethink
His villany, the devil leads him fair
Upon exploits and deep devices rare:
To make him famous and his fancie feed,
So as his thoughts no further may proceed.
And see ye not some worldly Monarchs great,
For to maintain and to increase their state,
Are only set their neighbours to disthrone,
That they may reign and only rule alone:
And therefore guard against this strong temptation,
This trying flame of cruell tribulation:
But be not moved, for they cannot smite,
But as God for his glory doth permit;
And in the tryall of his Saints he will
Them humble, but thereby their joyes fulfill.
For thy triumphant King, and Captain just,
These mights, their slights down at his feet shall thrust.
The shining Cherub from his brightnesse shall
Together with the fairest Cedar fall.
The Beast, the Prophet and the Whore flagitious,
With all their pomp, their spleen and pride pernicious,
Whose terrour troubled men while they did live,
The fiery lake the fatall stroak shall give.
Then be not mov'd, the change may glad thy heart,
When from their heav'n they to their hell depart.

Thou

Thou from thy hell at heaven ſhall arrive,
While they in bail, in bleſſe thou's ever live:
For when the devil, by his inſtruments,
With the blood of Saints doth mix the Elements.
Shall not theſe ſuff'rings, then ſo much the more,
Shorten their journey and increaſe their glore:
And are they not o're joyed when they ſee
Their blood include the Church felicitie.
But for thy further tryall, yet again,
What if the Lord the influence ſhould reſtrain
Of light, and life, and liberty, even when
Thou art the butt of hell and helliſh men?
This, this is it ſhould make the tryall ſad,
For if his face upon thy ſoul thou had
Shining, thou ſhould'it diſdain that dreadfull crew
Of devils and all the darts they could renew:
But in this exigent he is ſo near,
That when thou leaſt expects he ſhall appear:
And when thou haſt thine own frail faintings felt,
Immediate love and mercy ſhall thee melt:
And yet what if that thy good God adviſe
A deeper draught, thy folly to ſurpriſe.
We are ſo prone to fix on proofs, we prove
Both naturall in our faith, our hope, our love:
What then when in the light thou ſeems to live,
And in much lively liberty revive,
And with much confidence thou doſt conceive
That all that thou haſt ſought, thou ſhalt receive:
And yet thou art not only quite denyed,
But the reſponſe is contrary replyed:
Well this is ſharp, but certainly it's ſweet,
That divine checks ſhould with our idol meet;

That

That when vain we would our own morcels carve,
We should be left in hazard for to starve:
Himself, Himself alone, and nothing else,
But what of him, and of His vertue smels.
He, and not we, knows what is for our good,
And never will His own thereof denude;
Both how and when to help, for he doth hear
Our spirituall supplications, all sincere:
Which qualified according to His will,
He fails not for our well, but shall fulfill.
What if again, poor weakling, yet alace,
Thou shouldst ly groaning at the Throne of grace,
And knowst not how to seek, or what to say,
Far lesse can presse or pertinently pray?
Yet this is good, God sees thy strong desires,
And flames the sacrifice with sacred fires:
And to His praise, doth make our peace appear,
Out of the odours of our sighs sincere:
So that, as yet, we may convinced be,
That all His gifts are grace and mercy free:
For tho the way be strait and full of snares,
And we infirm, possest with fears and cares:
Our fault it is, we do not soar above
What tempests all the gates of hell can move.
We should an heaven upon earth enjoy,
If thus we did believe, thus him imploy,
On him repose, him love, in him delight:
Who is th'ingraven-form, and glory bright
Of the eternall God, in whom we have
Accesse by grace, to come, seek and receive
All that is for our good, who so doth give
Above what we can ask, seek or believe.

Hela

Hele. Enough, enough, there needs no more,
My Lover doth my life restore:
In him alone I move, I live,
And bound I am him to believe:
Affections cannot have the force
From his dear love me to divorce.
The flatteries, frowns, the hooked baits,
Whereby the cunning hunter waits
To snatch me unawars, my eyes
Anointed are, and clearly sees
The lying Serpent sliely lurking,
And in his brood most boldly working
Both from within and from without.
But my most Royal Captain stout
Hath crusht the Serpents cruell head,
And pleads my cause against his seed,
And daily helps me to subdue
The old man and his notions new,
To purge the heart and make it clean,
And in temptation doth sustain
My fainting, and my failings crave
Both food and physick, these I have.
And when I suffer with my Love,
Such comforts as come from above,
And on my sp'rit conferred be,
By His good Sp'rit, spiritually:
That if the Devil knew, he would
Restrain his malice if he could.
So what can interrupt my peace
In this free, full, unchanged grace:
Untill through times and trials we
Make entry in eternity.

Jea. Enough, enough, I do confesse indeed
With this, which is, in watchfulnesse proceed,
Guard well against security, and sure
Thou shalt from swerving be the more secure.
These wak'nings, and these warmings of affections,
As antidotes unto thy dull dejections,
Out of the cisterns of salvation spring,
Whence we, in sucking consolation, sing:
And if we hereby do our strength renew,
For stormy tempests that be to ensue,
Then happy we, when we have rightly used
These mercies rich; But when they be abused,
By fond conceiving that they shall endure,
We fall asleep, and carnally secure:
And sure, before we be aware, we shall
In slipp'ry places slide, or catch a fall:
And in that slumber be surpris'd again,
And with disgrace shall our Profession stain.
Most bitter proof and sad experience dear
Hes made this truth in ages all appear:
That many sons go groaning to the grave,
For grieving him, so graciously does save:
By whose immediate merciful supply
They be sustain'd that still dependent be:
There is no reason for our standing, but
Eternall love that chois'd us, changed not.
Infinite mercie seen can also move
The finite thing, infinite love to love.
Thus living dying in this sweet abysse,
I leave thee, in a most transcendent blesse:
And to my charge again shall now apply,
And thou by sure experience shalt try

The precious fruit of precious time so spent,
That these thy pains thou never shalt repent.
But as of my infirmnesse thou wast tender,
My Lord to thee shall recompences render
Abundantly, above what finite we
Can seek, believe, or think, infinitely.

Grif. I likewise go, farewell, my friends most dear,
Who witness were unto these wonders here.
Our King, how comely in his comings be,
And in his goings, for our good is He?
You see what sadnesse in his absence is,
And in his presence what a heav'n of blesse:
And that through godly sorrow from within,
Our sp'rituall comforts rise, and do begin.
Now seek His Name, for therein ye shall see
His mercy meeting with your misery:
And that His grace and His unchanged love
Greatly our ingratitude above:
And that His Name, as precious ointments sweet
Of fragrant smell, the Virgins pure invite;
Put in these ornaments he doth appear
Amongst us in the Pallace-garden here,
There, by his breathings, mixt with warming showres,
Feeds out in flourishes our sweetest flowres,
And spices, that he doth delight to see,
Smell, taste, defend, and cause to fructifie.
There shall we find our friends frequent that place,
Reciving and communicating grace,
To know our King, as he doth visits give;
Or there the dwyning soul he doth revive:
The blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame also,
To see, and hear, and speak, and come, and go,

The And

And for the ſtately pallace royall, fair,
He purifies the comers and prepare.
Come, let us come, for here his glorious Name
Of all the Students is the only theam:
And all theſe curious Mazes and Meanders
Delightfull be unto the underſtanders:
Attending ſtill till they tranſlated be
Into the manſions of eternity.

THE INTRODUCTION TO The Pallace Garden.

THe firſt Man Adam, *of the earth earthly made a living Soul, forfeited to himſelf and all his poſterity, the greateſt natural happineſſe imaginable by the naturall Creature: and that after poſſeſſion received thereof in Paradiſe that Garden of all pleaſures and preferments the whole Univerſe, and all therein contained could afford; and being crowned with the height of that beatitude, a communion with God, in the manner, and meaſure of manifeſtation, wherein the creature could be moſt capable of the Creator*

B

But this folly of the mutable creature could not frustrate the eternall design of the only wise, and wonderfull God, whose wisedom in the last ADAM, a quickening Spirit, the Lord from heaven, took delight to be conversant with the children of men: and out of these lost generations, hath revived, and brought forth from the Womb of Regeneration, a fair Family of Believers: and by the Gospel-ordinances, gathered them into his Garden of grace, by the New and Living Way, where the Fountain and Well of Life is opened, free for all that will come to smell the Flowers, and feast upon the Fruits of eternall and unchangeable Bounty, infinitely preferable to all their losses: where he, conversing with them, prepares them for the Pallace-Royall, the Place of his Habitation, where Mansions are appointed for them, that they may be where He is, that they may see His Glory, and rejoice in Him for evermore: And that, as they have born the image of the earthly, so we may bear the Image of the Heavenly.

And here is the prime and most precious Subject of Christian Contemplation, where the Believer may expatiate, and ingratiate himself, in the sweetest Recreations and Consolations: by attaining unto, and entertaining of, an inseparable communion with God in Christ, by the Holy Ghost, inseparably One, and only adorable.

MAZE 1. *for restriction*, Job 37.33,3

HEnce, carnall minds, that apprehend
Erroniously,
The Incomprehensible to comprehend
most impiously:
Lights glorious Center, inaccessible,
who can behold?
Lifes-life eternall, unexpressible,
who can unfold?
How then shall men come to conceive
Of this rare Blesse some do receive,
By Gods preordinate appointing,
who be renew'd,
And by the Holy Ghosts anointing,
who be indowed,
Brightly to see that Majesty
Of God-Man, that great Mystery,
Of love unto the Elect-seed,
Whence admiration doth proceed,
May come and see, and so confesse,
Professe His Name, and praise expresse?
And you, who humbled in the sense of wants,
And search to know the priviledge of Saints,
May come in faith, with reverence and fear:
See that without this frame you do forbear.

MAZE

Maze 2. *for instruction*, 1 John 3. 2.

IN all these Mazes where we move,
The ground we walk upon is love:
And where we make approachings near,
Let's come in reverence and fear
Before His glorious Name, who is
A Beam supream of boundlesse blesse:
But so resplendent and transcendent,
To make appear, convincing clear.
Behold this naturall Sun, whose gleams
doth apprehend us,
And whose illuminating beams
doth comprehend us:
And thence infer, how far
The supream Author of this all
excels this Star.
In this all comprehensive name
I AM, so condescending,
Eternall, simple, still the same,
all comprehending:
And in Emanuell sweetly seen,
In this fair Garden ever green,
Where daily with celestial showrs
Be nourished His rarest flowrs,
Untill He glorifie His grace,
In such as here do Him imbrace.

Maze 3. For incouragement, Isa. 55 John 1. 27

HEre Soveraignity doth shine,
In condescensions so divine,
That ye whose lights are now anointed,
And for these glorious sights appointed,
On whom the Holy Ghost alone
Hes left impressions upon:
Look in loves Christ-all mirrour clear,
Where loves sweet mystery does appear
Firmly fixed till acquainted,
Thou be(by faith)therein indented
This is the Mountain of our rest,
This sweetest Fountain, only best:
Come drink salvation at this cup,
And on these consolations sup:
Where pleasures, joy and peace abounds,
And glory to His Grace redounds:
Who(Wonderfull)will not conceal
His Excellence, but does reveal
Himself so clear, that we may read
Him in His Name, and on Him feed.
This Food who tasts shall thirst no more,
For fading gain or earthly glore:
But longing still to be translated,
Where they may be for ever stated.

Maze 4. *Loves mysterie*, 1 Tim. 3. 16

YE all, who find your selves secure,
By lively saving faith, and sure:
Who hes smell'd, and who hes tasted,
Who hes felt, and who hes feasted,
On these Love-dazling Mysteries divine,
Which on our cleared eyes do shine,
Of Man in God, and God in Man,
Who sp'ritually, destinctly scan
Humanity, still unconfounded
With Deity, and conjunctly bounded:
And do before
The Unity in Trinity adore;
Advance that most admired Grace,
And feed upon that fairest Face:
For there alone, and no where else,
That Love is found of love that smels,
That can be feasted on, and felt,
The heart of Adamant can melt:
It's life alone to be resolv'd
In this, this love to be dissolv'd:
Tract it still, and be allur'd,
So shall ye surely be secur'd.
O for these breathings of this Love,
That would the whole affections move!

Maze 5. The fountain inexhaustible.

I.	I am that pure, immense *Ens, entium Ens.*
AM	Am I not wisdome infinite, and love,
THAT	That omnipotent, omnipresent, whence
I	I in my justice and my mercy move?
AM	Am I not that sublime profound Abysse,
GOD	God, Trinity in Unity compleat:
All	All truth, all light, all life, eternall blesse,
Glorious	Glorious, & holy Father, Son & Sp'rit.

GOD
Holy Ghost,
eternall and infinite,
All Light, all Life,
all Vertue pure compleat,
Irradiant being, by whom all beings be,
Most blessfull breathings of the Unity:
Sublime, all-piercing and
all-searching Spirit,
God, Holy Ghost,
Eternall and
Infinite.

E	Expressed Splendor of the Deity,
M	Might, Majesty admir'd in Man Divine:
M	Mercy rejoyc'd with Justice to agree,
A	And Justice seen with joy in Mercy shine,
N	Nerve of substantial Truth, Illustrious, fair,
U	Wisdome and Well of Life where beauty springs,
E	Eternall God of God, God to declare,
L	Lights Center, where all Saints enlightned sings.

MAZE 6. *Loves Labyrinth*, Eph. 5. 23.

THe race of man, sprung from th'apostate reins
deplorable!
And bitter root that all the branches stains
restorable.
The mystery of man's defecting ponder,
The mind of God in mans perfecting wonder:
Perfected man, degenerate by defection:
Defected man, regenerate to perfection.
Adam by nature damn'd, when he defected,
Damn'd *Adam* now refram'd, by grace perfected.
O happy they! may now we say,
Are such as sees, with sp'ritual eyes
aright, these mysteries,
And do with reverence adore
This Glorious Majesty before,
Fixed by faith till they prevail,
By pregnant prying through the vail.
The root of man elected, leads this round,
And with the fruit of this great mist'ry's crown'd:
Come then and see the King, as ye would live,
And by believing herein deeply dyve:
His power and his promise both believe,
So shalt thou see, delight, and love, and live;
And with Heav'ns Quiristers adore and sing
High Hallelujahs to this Glorious King.

MAZE

Maze 7. *Loves mirrour*, Isa. 45.22

Love-dazled eyes, look up and see,
Where pureſt ſpirits prying be,
And with ſeraphick love inflam'd,
You ſhall by fixing prove reſram'd:
Gods only Son, Gods rebell-wrath indute,
O love alluring!
Gods Sonſhip to Gods rebels to procute,
O large procuring!
We lay in darkneſſe till His glory ſhin'd,
And now He hes our ſouls in His combin'd:
Ingrav'd upon His Heart and Hands we be,
Ingrafted in His God-Man-Fleſh be we:
Members & more, made Mates for Marriage love
To Him, for whom the whole Creation moves:
In heaven, and earth, and hel, whoſe ſcepter ſweyes,
And dazles humane eyes with divine Rayes:
This Love all limits far exceeds,
Of length, and depth, and heighth, and breadth,
Paſt comprehenſion by peruſing,
A tractat for eternall muſing.
Oh, that our whole affections were
Fixed upon this glorious Star:
Which lightens all the Stars above,
And on poor welps lets out this love.

Maze 8 *Types and emblems*, Rev. 5.6,9,10

Here does the Rose in Sharon lively grow,
The faces of the comers colouring:
Here living waters from the fountain flow,
And graces be abundant bullering:
Here feeds the Pelican, her fainting brood
Dying, but being revived by her blood:
The Phenix tasting death, death to subdue,
Life to restore, and nature to renew.
Captives to rescue here the Lyon dread,
see and adore!
The Lamb in suffering death a ransome made,
man to restore.
Thy faith-bred thoghts unto these theams confine
Where these transcendent mysteries do shine:
For every minut in eternity,
New marvels in this mirrour thou shalt see.
Join with heavens holy host in heavenly hymnes,
Sing hallelujahs with the Seraphims:
Amongst these pregnant Spirits ever poring,
In this abysse of blesse and joy adoring:
Adoring God, whose wisdome, bountie bright,
Doth shine so fair in this dark cloudy night:
Infer, confer, when thou com'st out to see
These mysteries clear, what shall that glory be?

MAZE 9. *Loves union*, Joh. 17. 22, 23

NOw Happy Holy Ones, who sees
The Myst'ry sweet of Mysteries:
How from that Myst'ry myst'ries flow,
And from that Wonder wonders grow,
Fitting for souls eternall thinking,
When the Redeem'd are ever drinking
At the Cisterns of salvation,
In the cups of consolation:
Life from the ever-living Fountain,
Moving on the unmoved Mountain.
In that celestial Communion,
Sublime and unconceived Union;
Where never then incensing stain,
Unto rebuke shall us arraign:
Nor possible again seclude
From this felicity so good:
Of joyes transcending and exceeding
All that on his face are feeding:
Past separation quite, which is
The Crown of our eternall blesse:
That blesse, all finite thoughts above,
Feasting upon eternall love:
Where from the splendor of illustrious beams,
Grace in immortall glory ever streams.

The

THE FIRST STEP TO THE JEWEL.

NOw in this Garden, where we have been using,
And in these Mazes moved unto musing,
And be returning to our Cypresse bowres,
To take a breathing for some silent hours:
Let us beware, for we in danger be
To sleep away our sweet tranquillity.
We members of the Body mysticall,
Which Militant we ordinarly call,
Are to regard the universall cases
Of all the parties, in their sev'rall places,
Common desires, delights, designs devoted,
As this State-int'rest best may be promoted.
So when in person most remote we are,
We may in sp'rit be best imployed far.
Now let us try this course in our retirings,
Fervent and faithfull be in all desirings,
And dutifull endeavours for our King,
And for His cause so shall we daily sing:
And let us ever in the faith be eyeing
Him, in His glorious actings, as by seeing,

We

We may the more by grace enlarged be,
His glorious Name for to exalt on hie:
And in our secret Soliloquies then,
How God hath granted grace for graceleſſe men,
Recent, retume, and ſo the ſp'rit compoſe,
As you in ſp'rit may ſp'ritually rejoice.
But O! what drouſineſſe, and what decay,
Infirmity, and failing we bewray,
When from the Garden we debarred be
For any ſpace, untill for new ſupply,
The Silver Trumpet, ſounding in our ſtreets,
For fainting ſouls, a new approach invites:
For help this precious Jewel, as the Root
Of all the Garden, ſpices, flowers and fruit,
For ſpirit feeding, feaſting, ſmelling, healing,
Apply'd to thy affections for prevailing,
Effectuall prove: for in theſe Gemmes imboſed,
All vertue efficacious is incloſed.
With fixed eyes, and warm affections ponder,
And as thou doſt revive, rejoice and wonder.

The ſecond Step to the Jewel.

THis Microcoſme (Man) of wonders full,
By God made wonderfully wonderfull:
And in his lively image made to live,
By breathing in this life that he doth give:
A compend of the whole Creation bright,
In whom the Divine Nature took delight

There

There to converſe: as in a manſion meet,
Doth join with lifeleſſe duſt a living ſp'rit:
This ſoul doth all, in all the parts remain
Of all the body, for the bodies gain,
Relief, and preſervation in all caſes,
Her ſelf unmov'd, whoſe action never ceaſes:
So and infinitely above what can
Imagin'd be by any ſoul of man:
The glorious Creator doth poſſeſſe
His bleſſed Self in all this Univerſe:
Containing all things, uncontain'd, unmoving,
His glory in all motions promoving:
Which ſhining in His Name and nature, prove
No change to be in His eternall Love,
As by his operations appear,
That Majeſty to man and angel, clear:
By dying wherein there is true delight,
Untill through darkneſſe we arrive at light.

THE

The LORD *our* GOD, *who's only* PURE,
In TRUTH *and* GOODNESSE *doth endure*;
PERFECTION, JUST, OMNIPOTENT,
OMNISCIENT, *and* OMNIPRESENT,
INFINITE, ONE, & WONDERFUL

All in all,
All alls involves:
In our believing all resolves.
Believing, knowing, presupposing,
Fervent love, and full rejoicing,
In these most sweet enliving Beams,
True living, & reviving Streams.
frō this one All, who shining is
In Bounty, Beauty,
boundlesse

All these rich Gemmes in this fair Jewel seen,

This Pearle rare transparent doth containe.

ETERNALL, BLESS, *and* MERCIFUL,
EMMANUEL, *and high* COUNSELLER,
LOVE, LIFE, *and only* COMFORTER,
UNCHANGEABLE, *and* WISDOM *bright*,
LONGSUFFRING, *sweet &* GRACIOUS
LIGHT.

The use of the JEWEL.

THis firmament of starry constellations,
Planets, Signs, Poles in sep'rate scituations?
Which from the Sun, the Prince of Stars, receive
Inliving vigour, to the life they have.
On this Terrestial Glob from every Airt
Their influence on bodies all impart;
To every sev'rall kinde by sweet infusion,
Diffused variously without confusion:
Wherein infinite multiplicity,
Each one may plead these heav'ns were made for me.
Like Iron and Adamant alike affecting,
And all things else, except themselves neglecting.
Since then the God of nature hath impos'd
This naturall necessity, compos'd,
Dead Elements to quicken and revive,
Procreate, preserve, restore and to enlive
The vegetives, and sensitives, what then
Can be the glory he for elect men
Reserv'd hath in himself, to let them prove
The force of fervent, free and fountain love?
In moving to discern with open eyes
Aright, a sight of divine mysteries.
This Garden treasure, JEWEL, every jem
Spring from that sweet, sublime, eternall stem.
In Gospel Ordinances so resplendent,
Industrious divinely condescendent:

And

And every one in every one ſo vive,
That every one doth every one revive.
Whence flow theſe various flowers that do affect
Spirituall ſenſes to a ſweet reflect:
Cordials of comforts here ingrafted grow,
And ſoveraign balm from precious ſpices flow:
That by the influence of refreſhing beams,
And conſtant current of ſpiritual ſtreams
Upon the proper object, ſo effecting,
Directed duely by divine directing,
And ſtraightly darted out from every point,
Curing, ſecuring every ſeverall joynt.
From that One-All unmov'd eternall, pure,
Where infinit perfection doth endure.
That Omnipotent, Omnipreſent is,
And Omniſcient ſavingly to bleſſe:
In Him the Son of righteouſneſſe, by name
Emmanuel high, that only glorious beam,
Where wiſdom, full of wonder, ſhines ſo bright
In ord'ring all theſe works of wonder right,
That goodneſſe may be ſeen exceeding good:
It ſhines in glory on ingratitude:
That mercy may in God admired be,
He makes an object of our miſery.
Juſtice ador'd ſhines bright in Jeſus bleeding,
By merits, mercy for our perſons pleading.
Eternall love ſhines clear in timous grace,
Gaining the elect of the rebell-race.
Counſell and comfort for the heare contrite,
Long ſuff'ring, to convince the haughty ſp'rit:
That life and light by which we ſee and live,
That ſp'rit of truth whereby we do believe,

By

By whom alone these glorious rayes transcendent
Become so bountifully condescendent:
And from the grounds of these ingredients green
Sov'raign preservatives to save are seen:
For feeding, breeding, feasting, framing right,
The Babe of Grace, translated unto light:
A sp'rituall sympathy of inclination
'Twixt Head and Members, by a new creation:
As naturall grafts well grafted in the root,
Come timely to their known and kindly fruit,
By shedding out, and sucking substance sweetly,
Incorp'rate and corroborate compleatly:
This practicall Divinity could make,
Which of the Divine Nature doth partake;
For through the vail admitted, by believing,
We instantly receive above conceiving.
To see our selves blind-born, sin-born: and more,
Death-born, wrath-born, forlorn for eve more:
And in that minut then immediatly,
Light, life, relief and true tranquillity:
By looking up, and in this JEWEL dyving,
Presented for perpetuall reviving:
As on the heart it doth impression take,
And kindly motions to the Mover make:
So as with longings we enlarg'd may be,
This glory to enjoy triumphantly:
From this One-all, One-uncreated Blesse,
Who glorious in the whole Creation is:
Till face to face we (Called) come to see,
And chang'd from glory unto glory be.

The Symphonicall Desires and delights of all Saints in their Retirements.

SONG I.

DArkneſſe depart, do not our eyes deprive
Of this bright Star of day, that doth appear
To uſher in the Sun, that can revive
Our fainting hearts, and clouded ſpirits clear.

The Roſe of Sharon, all our banks and bowers
Perfumes with odours of all ointment ſweet:
Our fields be ſending forth the faireſt flowres,
The ſinging birds our flowneſſe do invite.

The Turtle mourning for her Mate doth moan,
Becauſe his comming he ſo long delayes:
And we, affected with her griefs, do groan,
And tune our Lutes unto her mourning layes.

Moſt glorious Sun of righteouſneſſe, conſent
To hear, to ſee, to cauſe thy face to ſhine:
The clouds diſpell, make clear the firmament,
And for thy coming move us to incline.

Oh, that we could Thee know, believe, and love!
Then could we not but for thy coming long;
Wonder, importunate we do not prove,
Untill our ſighs be turned to a ſong.

Moſt

Most glorious King out through the continent,
The glorious Gospel gloriously convey:
Make all the Nations come with one consent,
To kisse the Son, and on his statutes stay.

The Devil, that by delusion doth deceive
The world lost, roaring in fiery rage,
Of whom the Beast, and Prophet false, receive
Babel and *Balaam*'s ruine for their wage:
Endite, condemn, discover, give them doom,
With these the Whoor flagitious detect:
The Serpent, and the Man of Sin consume,
From all their drifts redeem thy dear Elect.

Triumphant Monarch, for thy Truth appear,
And with thy brazen legs these tyrants turn
Out of the way, with eyes of flaming fire,
These fiends pursue, and in thy fury burn.

When shall thy garments stain'd with blood be seen,
Of these proud foes, that do thy grace disdain?
The glory of these wonders doth pertain
To thee, this might and malice to restrain.

How this wild Lion through the earth doth reel,
And prey upon poor blind-born *Adams* race,
Whirling the worldly minded, like a wheel,
Up by his gins, thy Image to deface.
Thou sees, O Thou, who pow'r hes to prevent
This vile, invet'rate, and invective spleen:
And for destroying Satans works was sent,
Our evil deserts let not thy help detain.

Dread King, who queſtion dare thy juſt decrees,
Myſterious, holy, righteous and profound?
For, out of all apparent contraries,
Glory and might, right doth to thee redound.

Let all the hoſts in heav'n and earth be ſtill,
And with ſubmiſſion ſimple thee adore,
The Projects of thy wiſe, eternall will
To ſee fulfill'd, rejoice for evermore.

All revolutions ſtrange our King aright
Doth by a change of providence direct:
By death and darkneſs, making life and light
Brightly appear for all his dear Elect.

Heav'ns King, our ſp'rits more ſp'ritually diſpoſe,
And ſhine upon the ſeed of ſaving grace:
That faithfully, and fruitfully repoſe
We may, and all the ſwey of fleſh diſplace.

The time, that thou art glorious to appear,
Haſten, impediments out of the way
Remove, that ſeeing eyes clear'd to admire
The magnified in thy members may.

The wicked world, that doth in lies delight,
The voice of truth and wiſdom doth diſdain,
And will not ſee, till everlaſting night
Cloſe up their ſight in ſoul-tormenting pain.

Longing we be when we himſelf may ſee
Shining in glory, on his glorious Throne:

Where

Where feasting in his glorious face we'll be,
When immortality we have put on.

Welcome, great King, let now the glorious Day
Begin to dawn, of thy eternall reign:
In righteousnesse thy Royall Scepter swey,
Of mercy and of judgement we may sing.

Time mend thy pace, unto thy period post,
Stir up thy strength, do not retard nor slide:
All shall be done anone, be gone thou must,
Eternity to sink thee down doth glyde.

Let us our sp'rits a little time compose,
And fix upon the starry Firmament,
And all the Stars that are, let us suppose,
Full as the Sun did shine, so excellent;
And that this glob of earth transparent were,
And ev'ry star, out from his glorious Sphere,
Darting his rayes and influence so far,
As all dimensions of the world appear:
Poor worms we never could a blink endure
Of this created glory we conceive:
But in the beauty of this brightnesse, sure,
We raz'd, because we could it not receive.
Again, by faith, in contemplation ponder
What places for the Elect are prepared:
So far surpassing all the Stars in number,
And to the glory of the Sun compared.
In immortality when we're arrayed,
And for these places pure spiritualize d,
Transparent in this splendor there displayed,
And yet humane remain, so subtillized.

Yet our great King those changes, we perceive,
From naturall darknesse to this light of grace
Exceeds more fully then we can conceive,
Till we receive that fulnesse in His face,
Where that all-glorious, increated light
Remains, whence we our light and life derive,
And shall enjoy joyes in His joyfull sight
Unseen, unheard, till there we do arrive.

Who see these marvels but they must admire:
Who see, admire, but doubtlesse they do long;
Who see, admire, and long, but do aspire
Seated to be these miracles among.

But rather how is it we do not weigh
The wisdome of our King, and condescend
Simply unto His dispensations high,
Who our desires unruly doth suspend,
Untill by tryals strong through truth sustained
Our lost condition, and His love we see;
And by His grace be from the world weaned,
And fitted for this Life of Glory be?

Our glorious King, eternall, only wise,
Incomprehensible all things contains;
Who never doth the heart contrite despise,
But by His Spirit the broken spirit maintains.

By worlds of men thy will fulfilled be
Through all the earth, and let thy glory shine
Jehovah high in Heav'n eternally,
And all the Elect to thy praise incline.

SONG II.

A Song of triumph, Rev. 15. 3, 4.

Great And Marvelous are Thy Works Lord God Almighty, Just And True are Thy Wayes Thou King of Saints.

GReat greatneſs doth unto our God belong,
And Majeſty to be ador'd alone:
Marvelous and admir'd, thy Saints among,
Are thy decrees eternall every one.
Thy works within thy Sanctuary are ſeen,
Works full of wonder thou to light haſt brought;
Lord, Lord, thy purpoſes are pure and clean,
God, only God, that thou in us haſt wrought.
Almighty might, all finite light tranſcending:
Juſt juſtice uncontroll'd, in wiſdome right,
And righteouſneſſe in all thy acts extending:
True God of truth conjoin'd with glorious might.
Are not the Hoſts of heav'n, our heav'nly King,
Thy Mercy, Juſtice, Statutes, truth deſiring,
Wayes, Wiſdome, works to ſee, and ſeeing ſing,
Thou King of Saints, thy Majeſty admiring.
King, King of Kings, before whoſe glorious face
Of glory Kings created Crowns caſt down:
Saints ſeperate and ſanctified by grace,
Who thee imbrace thy praiſes ſhall reſound.
Shall not the Nations thy great Name regard?
Not thee, by whom their beings only be?
Fear thee, who for thy people haſt prepar'd
The conſolations of eternity?

O thou

O O thou who doth so far our faith exceed!
Lord? Lord lead us to thy truth, thereto to cleave,
And And firmly fix our eyes on thee to feed;
Glorify Glorify thy Name in us: us Lord, revive.
Thy Thy name is like to oyntments only sweet:
Name, Name, O ye Nations! His dread Name with fear
For For He in all perfections is compleat,
Thou Thou seest Him past comparison appear.
Only Only thy self, Self-soveraignity,
Art Art thou incomprehensible alone:
Holy, Holy, immense, adored Majesty,
For For thou art glorious, Heavens and earth upon,
All All, only All, in all thy Name is seen:
Nations Nations in thy Salvation shall rejoyce:
Shall Shall not the captives that deliver'd been
Come Come, and upon thy grace and peace repose?
And And who will not unto thy greatnesse still
Worship Worship, and homage do, with heart sincere,
Before Before the Throne, in ardency of will,
Thee The Saints among, when there they shall appear?
For For now the wildom of thy wise decrees,
Thy judgements Thy judgments deep, and so divine, so cleared
Are Are to the sense of every eye that sees,
Made manifest Made manifest, and ever are admired.

A Harmo

A Harmonious Consort in a Song of Praise.

SONG III. Part. 3.

THrones and dominions now adore
This deep profound abysse before,
Of Wisdome, and of knowledge high,
Shining in just mercy free,
Flowing from that fountain love,
That both the head and members move,
And made the dying head to live,
And all the members dead revive.
The mights, and slights did him defy,
Below His feet down thrown do ly:
They bruis'd His heel, but from His hand,
Now must they feel an iron brand,
Which breaks the necks of all His foes,
And makes the Hosts of Heaven rejoice.
For now our Glorious Head doth render
To God the Kingdome, and doth tender
Himself unto His Spouse redeemed,
And members so by Him esteemed;
That so His long desires, that day,
For evermore enjoy He may:
And they refyned and inflamed.
With sacred fires and so reframed:

Which

Which the moſt glorious Head inſpires,
And Members glorified admires:
The Univerſall Heavens filled
With all this influence inſtilled,
By our victorious King alone,
Chriſt myſticall, God-Man in One,
Whoſe generations account,
Who can? which doth ſo far ſurmount
All rationall mens conceiving,
Believing, all poor ſp'rits perceiving:
But O! admired doth invite
Finite unite, with infinite!
And in their ſtations ſp'ritualized,
And gradation authorized,
Cordially, with all conſents,
Above the Orbs and Elements:
The Region of the fire and air,
Adoring be. *Echo.* Beware: Now ſpare,
Till there you do approach, and then
Let Angels, and immortall Men
Like Stars reſplendent ſhining ſing
Praiſe to their Author, Sponſe, and King.
Do not, I pray thee, ſo inhibite?
For we cannot be prohibite,
To conceal that grace, that glory
That in this very middle ſtory
We do enjoy by faith and hope,
Which giveth latitude and ſcope;
With much alacrity to ſing:
And when we be eclipſ'd to bring
Unto the Altar pimous tears,
And bemoan our faithleſſe fears:

For

For He is firm who us affects,
And cannot fail who us protects:
And there shall in the darkest night
Arise for us a glorious light:
And in the deepest, deadly hell,
The Balme of Paradise shall smell;
Which shall increase of grace procure,
And shall our souls in peace secure:
Then do us not discharge to sing
Praise to our Royall Spouse and King.
Sing on, but in sobriety,
Beware of soaring too too high,
Flight'ring above the lofty line,
Where Love resides, and doth refine
Affections to incline aright
To live by faith, untill we come to sight.

The second Part of the third Song.

THen by this liberty to sing
Of our most Royall Spouse and King,
whose Love doth us allure:
His Deity in glory we,
Tri-unity adoring be,
our comforts to secure:
There unapproachable He is,
In all eternity of blesse,
above our feelings far:

For

For at the word of His command
All things appeared where they ſtand,
from nothing, as they are:
We do theſe wonders all believe,
And that He hes come to relieve
us, who did ſo diſdain
To do His wil and hear His voice,
But wilfully made wofull choiſe
to ſin, which hes us ſlain.
Here is the Text, here is the Theam,
Here is the Fountain, here the Stream
whence all our comforts ſpring:
Here all the Angels ever dive,
Hence all the Saints their life derive,
here doth our glory ſing.
His power experimentally,
By working in us mightily,
we know do, and believe:
For we in ignorance were born,
And in the bands of death forlorn,
till He did us receive.
Who can His wiſdome but adore,
And providence ſo much the more,
as we are ever ſeeing,
From wonderfull varieties.
And ſeeming contrarieties,
harmonious agreeing.
Him in His truth we worſhip muſt,
He being only worthy truſt,
as we do daily try:
Far, far above our weak believing,
In every ſtrait He is relieving,

as we His word apply.
His knowledge, whose all-seeing eye
All things that are, were, or shal be,
are ever straight before:
All persons, places, cases right
Divinely ordered in His sight,
which Angels do adore.
And O! how righteously our King
Doth to the rule of justice bring,
and equally compose,
Above our weak capacity,
Unmov'd by partiality,
alike to friends and foes.
His pittying mercy we admire,
Whereby He doth our miseries clear,
and leads us to be cur'd:
Who in our blood were lying blind,
That we our light and life may find,
by Him, for us procur'd:
In these excellencies our King
Does shine, we Him injoy, and sing:
but O! how far above
All finite apprehensions,
And unconceiv'd dimensions
is His unchanged love!
Essentiall Simplicity,
Only sublime Infinity,
Supream, transcendent Blesse:
Eternities unreachable
Perfections unsearchable
are absolutely His.
This is our King, He doth us claim,

And

And takes EMMANUEL for His Name,
us for his Spouse redeem'd:
Who unto sin and satan slav'd,
He sanctified hes and sav'd,
adopted Sons esteem'd:
Who is it then condemne that can
The faithfull fruitfull Christian,
to Him that doth advert?
Where is that tribulation,
Affliction or tentation,
that can procure thy smart?
In this life, Christian, canst thou crave
Better then did thy King receive,
since He so well allows
Full freedom from these felt annoys,
And feelings of eternall joyes,
for all that Him avows?
Should we not chearfully with fear
His dying in our bodie bear,
with Him who are to live?
Whose life shall be made manifest
In such as purely have profest
His Truth, and thereto cleave.
Take courage then, let come what can,
Christ and his crosse, O Christian,
doth now the Crown preceed.
Delight to see the old man slain,
The New man form'd in thee again,
now by the divine seed.

Reviving Recollections and Soliloquies, closing with the song of all Saints, *Rev.* 7.12.

SONG IV.

O What sore troubles we endure
By listning to the lyars lure!
What rescues rare do we injoy
From dangers, that should us annoy?
Bemisted under shadows here,
See not the perils that appear:
Till after trials we do track
Them to the spring by looking back,
Darts of destruction daily flees
From devils swift, like swarms of bees:
The noysome Pestilence by night,
Maliciously pursues with might.
On Scorpions and on Serpents dread,
And on the Cockatrice we tread:
But sheltered be and and well preserv'd
When they upon their spleen are starv'd:
And when we any pain abide,
Is it not when we step aside?
That on this stage we may fulfill
Our task by time the truth untill:
And we by these characters spell,
The power that hes no parallel:

And

And by observance due do see
That He hes an all-searching eye:
His retributive justice here,
And mercy precious doth appear.
Here doth the Well of Wisdome spring
Knowledge and truth, whereof we sing:
For in all generations,
Regions, respective Nations,
In all imaginable places,
And in all conceived cases;
To all, all times, and every one,
All things are done by Him alone,
And done so well and wondrously,
That all men may admiring be,
And as they do admire, adore
His Royall Attributes before:
Whereby in time we timely taste,
And after time shall ever feast
Upon that fulnesse, when we shall
Himself enjoy, in and for all.
But Oh! How is't that we can move
In this infinity of love?
In this sublime simplicity,
Perfections and purity:
Immutable and all things moving,
Eternall, Omnipotent proving.
O! What infirmity it is
To slumber under so high blesse?
But, Oh! How is't we are not dying?
Th' excellencies that passes seeing,
Hearing, knowledge, or conceiving,
Till they come out above our craving.

When the Members all ſhall meet,
Incorp'rate in the Head compleat;
And as they have preſerved been
Unſearchably, as they are ſeen,
Till one by one they be prepar'd,
And in appointed time declar'd,
All members moved by the mind
Of him, to whom they are inclin'd:
As by the weak reſemblance here
Of fleſh and ſpirit may appear,
A fabrick wonderfully fram'd,
And ſtrangly from the fountain ſtream'd,
Compos'd, commixt, conjoin'd, diviſive,
Wov'n var'ouſly, viſive, inviſive:
Hundreds above in numerous places,
Which from their office never ceaſes,
So naturally by nature led,
And by the vitall ſpirits fed:
Which by the ſoul her influence pure,
Unſeen, is ſet in order ſure,
And ſeated in the brain, doth move
Each member for the mans behove:
And every inſtant, at her will,
All powers do their part fulfill:
And ſhe is every where perfecting,
Preparing, dreſſing, and directing:
As may make for the common right,
Wherein ſhe daily doth delight.
How much more may we then believe
Above what here we can conceive
Of Him our Head, who hes received
More ſpirit then can be conceived:

And measures out abundantly,
To every member mightily,
All sp'ritual graces, and anoints us,
As in His wisdome He appoints us:
Into our stations as seems meet
To Him, in whom we are compleat:
Anone, alone, that glorious day,
His Saints He shall so sweetly swey:
When we in regions ordered are,
Shining above the brightest Star:
Or as in constellations standing,
Minding only His commanding,
Who only minds the glorious blesse
Of God, who Universall is.
O happy day of all delights!
Wherewith compar'd are nought but nights,
The best of by-past dayes alone,
Compact and quintessenc'd in one:
One glimpse of which desired day,
Shall all afflictions past, defray:
All anguish and perplexities,
Digested in festivities,
Of sp'rituall joyes, for ever springing
In His face, to give us singing:
Renewing every minut store,
To raise our notes for evermore:
When all the mysteries manifold,
In Heavenly Pallaces inrold;
To admiration be revealed,
And nothing can be known concealed.
Which wondring still then shall we move,
Wrapt, and rapt up in very love,

When many mighty men shall mourn,
And unto dens of darknesse turn,
Who desp'ratly did grace despise,
And mercy offered could not prise:
God to offend would not restrain,
And wisdomes warning did disdain:
Are now forsaken, and in anguish
Left eternally to languish,
And before felt-wrath shall flee,
Like lightnings glenting through the skie.
Under the doom of torments chief,
Dying ever, never relief.
Where Saints the righteous judgment reads,
That from their righteous Judge proceeds:
And all about the Throne, the more
Him in his mercy shall adore.
Then judgment just and mercy free
The Diapason sweet shall be
Of all that Harmony compleat,
Whose members seeming infinite,
Ordered through these vast dimensions
Extending over apprehensions:
And comprehended only be
By the infinite Deity.
About the Throne of Glory then,
These millions of Elect men,
Through all that blessed, boundlesse bounds,
With various, and with vocall sounds,
With Angels pure, pure Seraphims,
Exalt their King, with holy Hymns.
For as the soul is full refin'd,
When glory thereupon hath shin'd:

So shall the body be made meet,
For to possesse the Holy Spirit:
By whom these curious Organs may,
Well managed, His praise display,
In soul and body, both to bring
All Glory to our Glorious King.

SONG

SONG V.

Of all Saints, Rev. 7. 12.

Amen, AMEN, AMEN, for evermore,
Blessing A Blessing to God whom we adore:
And And to His Name, which Glorious is,
Glory Glory ascend in Glorious blesse.
And And to the adored Deity,
Wisdome Wisdome in all excellency:
And And unto Him free Grace doth give,
Thanks-giving Thanks-giving be by all that live,
And And to His all-honoured Name,
Honour Honour duely do proclaime:
And And to Him who us preserves,
Power Power ascribe, who power deserves:
And And to the King Almighty high,
Might Might and eternall Majesty
Be Be, by all the Elect moving
Unto Unto God, in Jesus loving.
Our Our God, alone, One Holy Spirit,
God God ever blest, Trin-One compleat.
For For evermore our songs shall be
Ever Ever renew'd uncessantly:
And And His praises to expresse,
Ever Ever shall our selves addresse.
Amen. AMEN: O Lord, so let it be,
So be it in Eternity.

THE

THE NATURAL MAN Debated with.

HOw come, say some, such sacred flames can boil
So sweet perfumes out of this sullen soyl?
This curious question'st with carnall eyes
Bemisted, sees not in these mysteries:
How singing doth from sighing flow,
And gladnesse, how from sadnesse grow:
How mourning, melting motions move,
In frozen hearts hot flames of love:
From bitternes, how sweetnes springs,
Refreshment what self-ruine brings:
How from the groans of inward grief,
Clear freedom rises and relief.
In deepest darknesse sure direction,
In dreadfull danger safe protection.
Result, and what can be the root
That rendres this admired fruit.

For Answer, this.

BY Grace we see our selves with shame
Under abominable blame;
And not the lesse so freely loved,
Affections feelingly are moved.

And overflow like Nilus River
In the heart of the believer.
Whence grief, and gladneſſe, love, and hate
Reſide as in the proper ſeat,
Whence bitter mourning, grief and wo,
For grieving ſuch a Lover ſo:
Who ſurfetted hes been with grief,
From grief to purchaſe our relief.
Whom ſeeing vively through the vail,
Love and delight thereby prevail:
So that as by approaching near
Unto that ſplendor in its ſphere,
Be in Combuſtion dazled ſo,
Within theſe gleams we undergo,
And in this current ſtrong conteſting,
Securely in his ſhadow reſting:
Zeal, the birth of love and hate,
Daily abates this love-debate,
Wherewith no concord can compare,
One end diſcuſſing all their care:
Being to be made pure and clean,
This fervent love to entertain:
Grace 'gainſt corruption doth begin
A furious fight the ſoul within:
So that in one poor perſon here,
Betwixt two parties doth appear
A hot conteſt, with fatall blows,
Tending to others overthrows.
Whence grows this bitter-ſweet debate
In this grace-griev'd divided ſtate:
Hence flow theſe tides, contrary turning,
Mourning to mirth, mirth unto mourning:

The old man being pincht repines,
The new man sweetly sings and shines:
The old man dwyning in his living,
The new man rising, and reviving:
What dolour the old man endures,
Delight to the new man procures.
When grace is most o'resway'd, it swings
Corruption under foot, and sings:
For on a mountain of increasement,
And at a fountain of refreshment,
Bullering up eternall love,
With spiritual breathings from above,
Reviv'd by all these blessefull beams,
Shining through our cristal streams,
We in these glist'rings flight'ring be,
Untill we take our flight on hie,
These be the Northern gales that blow,
And breathings from the South that flow
Upon the Spices sweet, and Flowres,
Seasoned with Celestiall showres:
And in this Garden do agree
Spouses to feast deliciously,
Upon these fruits and spices sweet,
Where all their comforts are compleat:
Who do discern aright to rise,
These mercies rich rightly to prize:
But the Believer only sees
That Majesty in these mysteries,
And substance through the shadows more
Of glory, then he can adore.
But that the rationall man yet we may lead
Some length, let us by nat'rall reason plead,

Seeing

Seeing this naturall Sun we daily see
On nat'rall bodies worke effectually:
Vapours exhaling out of earthy things,
Which rarifi'd, and clarified, brings
(Repell'd by colder air) our early showres,
Enamelling the earth with fruits and flowres.
Shall not the Sun of Righteousnesse far more,
Natures Creator, whom we do adore,
By his almighty Influence divine,
Which on the long-benighted soul does shine,
Affect, attract, and elevating, move
Affections for the element of love:
Which purify'd, prepared and matur'd,
Are for the service of their Lord allur'd.
And further yet, by naturall things to learn
Spirituall mysteries best to discern,
This supposition make, Conceive the bounds
Of this vast Ocean, that the earth surrounds,
If all the Floods therein were the extracts,
And quintessence that best ingredients makes,
And daily that some of these cristall drops
Melt from such sweet, and sun-refined sops,
And in this Ocean be ingulfed, shall
They not be then transchanged in the fall?
Our reason shews us, that this strong perfume
Should soon the drosse of this sweet drop consume.
Consider then, when this immortall sp'rit,
By these divine irradiations sweet,
Here in the Region of grace matur'd,
For glory, and the love thereof allur'd,
Doth from this cloud come out imbrac'd to be
In that incomprehensible excellency,

At the first blink transchanged be so far,
As heat from cold, and light from darknes are,
And though the rising of our bodies be,
From death to life again, a mysterie:
Yet when we do behold how nature brings
About, life to restore to lifeless things:
The earth renewing daily flowers and fruits,
From dozen'd dead, corrupt and rotten roots:
The vapour that's exhaled from the brim,
Where sholes of herring leave their spawn to swim,
Congealed in a cloud again shall powre
Of herrings on the ground a swiming shower.
Oh, wofull, wretched, wreaked naturallist,
That naturally doth see, and not insist,
To see aright, believe, love and know more
Who natures Author is, and him adore:
For in His time, thou with thy very eyes,
Disclos'd, shall see these divine mysteries:
Our body from the Elements arise,
And sp'rited be, to meet Him in the skies:
And at the peep of first appearance passe
To pain or pleasure, as the Inditement was
Recorded clearly, on the conscience grav'd,
Rend'ring response respective, damned, sav'd:
And all these revolutions orderly
Accomplisht in the twinkling of an eye:
For this the period peremptor is,
Eternally determinat for this:
That Glorious Right'ous Justice shining clear
And glorious, righteous mercy may appear:
Where all the damn'd, convinc'd, in anguish ly,
The saved on their Saviour do rely.

And

And yet, poor naturall atheiſt, that inquires,
Where is this bleſſe, and where theſe burning fires?
Conceive of God aright, who comprehends
All things (incomprehended) and extends
His glory, in His diſpenſations free
Of mercy and of juſtice righteouſly:
Wherein ſuch Majeſty ador'd does ſhine,
As moves to admiration divine.
Through all theſe vaſt dimenſions created,
Where all the rationall creatures are ſtated.
Sin-poyſon'd perſons, whereſoever they be,
Unpurg'd are, under wrath perpetuallie:
Likeas the Saints are, whereſoever plac'd,
Within the glorious love of God imbrac'd.
This is the hell beneath, and heaven above,
Here flames of wrath abide, there beams of love:
Juſtice effects producing ſo contrarious,
Upon the Objects ſo directly various.
This naturall Sun by nature putrifies,
Some matter, and ſome matter purifies:
Some matter harden, and ſome ſoften more,
Some ſtrike to death, and ſome to life reſtore;
In Summer ſhining with ſo fervent heat,
And on the vild defyled puddle beat:
The filth therein doth ſuch a fume diſcloſe,
As doth in darkneſſe all the dung incloſe.
Ingend'ring ſerpents vile, and cruell frogs
Crawling and ſprewling in their poyſoned drogs.
Right ſo the Sun of Righteouſneſſe ſhines pure,
While ſuch the poyſon of their peſt indure
For all the perturbation, torment, anguiſh
Is of themſelves, wherein they liveing languiſh.

Thus

Thus may the naturall man, by natures light,
Convinced be, but never see aright,
Till by the Holy Ghost he be renewed,
And in the heart by speciall grace indued:
And led unto the new and living way,
Where closing with his Saviour, he may
Discern from whence these waters spring that flow,
And make the barren, fruitfull ground to grow.
Come then incline, divine assistance can
From nature, thee renew a spiritual man,
Aright to see His condescensions
Applying by firm apprehensions,
Him shining clear in His Anointed,
Who is for thy approach appointed;
For He unmov'd, all motions moves,
Which minutly His praises proves,
Extracting from most clear distractions
A cluster sweet of solide actions.
For all that is, was, or shall be,
Is His eternall, wise, decree.
Whose high designs ador'd as His duration,
Admits no parallel or alteration,
Whom we in Christ our Saviour sweet must see,
Imbrace, enjoy, or die eternally.
But come, and do not in your dreg remain,
Take up the Book and read, and read again:
A serious Survey of this journey take,
This Child of Grace through all his tryals tract.
Here shalt thou see an unseen strength sustain
The weakest, that hath at the battel been:
And wisdome shining in the most unwise,
Might make affections in a rapt to rise:

Which

Which in the Babe new born again doth grow,
Whereby he doth in Songs of Praises flow,
A Garden here with arbors for reposing,
A Jewel clear, the ground of all rejoycing;
A Fountain, whence waters of life do spring;
A Mountain, thence thou may'st with safety sing;
A Spirit here, perceive, our sp'rits inspires,
With sighs, and groans, and answers such desires:
Come then in faith, and as thou seeks, receive
Light, life, relief from darknesse, grief and grave.
In brief, behold these whole assertions here,
By proof from truth believed, made appear,
And He above believing shall convoy
Thee with Himself, Himself for to enjoy:
Himself who is thy Potent Prince, Victorious,
Light, Life, Delight, and Lover, only Glorious:
Come then, attend His call, and humbly say,
Come Lord, thy servant hears and shall obey,

A SUR-

A

SURVEY

Of the FIRST and SECOND

DEATH;

Closing with a

SEPARATION-KISSE

Betwixt two intimate FRIENDS,

The *SOUL* and *BODY*.

By way of DIALOGUE betwixt

NATURE and GRACE,

Under the Names of

FLESH and *SPIRIT*.

Heb. 9. 27. *And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgement.*

Ephes. 2. 1. *And you hath he quickned, who were dead in sins and trespasses.*

1. THE body of man is of the earth, natu-
rall, earthy.

2 The

2. The soul of man is of a spirituall nature, spirituall.

3. The two joyned together in the time of life, make up a person.

4. The separation of the soul from the body, is the naturall death of the person.

5. The separation of Gods favourable Presence by His Spirit from the soul, is the spirituall death of the person.

6. All the Off-spring of the first man, by his apostasie and disobedience, are deservedly deprived of Gods favourable Presence by his spirit, & so come to the world dead in sins and trespasses.

7. All these the naturall Off-spring of the first man, that be left in this forlorn condition, living and dying in this darknesse and ignorance of God, and do never attain unto the first resurrection, do ly under the first, and be lyable unto the second death at the last day.

8. The Elect and Chosen of God be, by His free grace, in a time of love, called, and by the effectuall working of His Spirit, moved to believe His word, and to joine with Jesus Christ for Salvation.

By whom (nevertheless that they be spiritually dead in sins and trespasses) they are by His Spirit quickned to see and serve the living God, dying unto sin, and living unto righteousnes, and

there-

thereby made partakers of the first resurrection. Against whom the second death, at the general resurrection, shall have no place.

9. To be spiritually-dead, the mere natural man knows not, nor (by reason of his atheism) can know, till the second death sieze upon him: first, at the seperation of the soul and body: and secondly, again, at the resurrection and judgment.

10. The Believer knows by woefull proof, what it is to be spiritually dead, by the dead works wherein they have walked, before they knew themselves under darknesse.

11. The Believer knows likewise what the second death means, by being (sometimes from provocation, and sometimes from tryall) deserted, and often kept at distance, and of such continuance, as hath been both a hell of torments, and hes bred fearfull anxiety: and knows also and believes the Scripture-descriptions of the eternall torments, never dying death and dolour that the wicked atheist must endure, and perish under, everlastingly: As also, by being condemned in themselves, and saved by the Lord, they know what it is to be absolved from that dreadfull condemnation.

12. As to the dissolution of the body, albeit it be a beginning of the second death to the wicked, as it is a preparation to the second resurrection of the

the Godly, whose souls are then feasting upon their Saviour His Face in Paradice: It may be more properly named a Sleep, as it is often in Scripture, especially, seeing the soul hes had het night of partiall separation in the body; suppose but short in comparison of time, yet under many sufferings; whereas the bodies night in its element is free of trouble: and for the length of time, it is to rest there under darknesse: It is not considerable, in respect of the splendor of that day of eternal glory which is at the out-breaking. And seeing it is with this temporall death of the bodie that the Believer hes only adoe, let us look a little more particularly upon it, and specially as it concerns the Believer. It is appointed for all men to die, naturall death being the separation of the soul from the body, is rightly named unto mere naturall man, the King of terrours: A metaphor from a King or Tyrant, who is unresistable for power, unsatiable and unexorable for cruelty, undefatigable for persistence, furnisht with all manner of forces, for execution, in all places, at all times, through all the Continent, where any of the sons of men takes life: attending them constantly, till every one of them fall under the fatall and finall stroak. And there is nothing created in this Universe, whether from within us, or from without us, from the fur-

theſt remote of the Stars, to the leaſt pile of graſſ
or pickle of duſt, which were all created for ou
good, but hath been, or may be the occaſion o
this diſſolution. As alſo, by what means amongſt
ſo many, and at what time, ſo uncertain unto
any, that it is a wonder that the rationall crea-
tures, who knows themſelves ſubject to it, ca
think of it without terrour: and moſt terrible
that the moſt of men are over-turned before they
think ſeriouſly of it: But here appears the greateſt
wonder that ever any (of the blind-born, deſer-
vedly forſaken, and ſelf-loſt generation of apo-
ſtate man) ſhould come to know any more here-
of then any other: but this being the preroga-
tive of the regenerate by grace, to ſee themſelves
by nature loſt, and ſaved by the Lord; This death
is nothing terrible nor troubleſome to them, but
pleaſant and comfortable, in what colours, by
what knife, at what time, or in what place they
commit their ſouls to the Father of ſpirits, and ſur-
render their bodies to the Elements, whereof they
were, and are to be preſerved unto the day that
all things be reſtored; for they ſee and know that
this diſſolution of the body is but the laying off,
or ſuffering the old ſpotted and defiled garment
to be rent from us till they be refined: and not
that we may be uncloathed, but cloathed upon
with glory and immortality, untill we receive
again

again these naturall, mortall, corruptible bodies, immortall, incorruptible receptacles, habilitate and fitted to imbrace and enjoy without interruption the glory that a glorified soul is admitted unto: So that unto the Believer, this naturall death is swallowed up of life, being no more death unto them then the pinching of the body of the Infant, in coming through these straits of ordinary Child-birth, should be to the Child, if it were capacitate to know the present case and place of its imprisonment, and the light and liberty it were to come to.

But here nature, even pure nature, doth propose some most sensible and searching tryals for impugning my arguments and resolutions, viz. *Seeing this World was created for me, and I created immortall without separation by death, if I had stood in my integrity, then should I never have had any further desire but of things present. Now, presuppone that the offer were made me, of the allowance of all created contentments, perpetually to my desire, with the blessing upon them, and the blessed use of them, with that peace which should make up a continued feast: should not we then rather be content to remain in the body, then desirous to seperate from it?*

1. *For answer*: The case is so far altered, that the difference is very vast, we not being by crea-

tion, nor should have been by generation, in the estate of innocency, capable of any greater blesse then that wherein the first man was created, which was to enjoy the allowed use of the creature, and to converse with the Creator, at such times, by such means, and in what measure, as the divine Majesty should think meet.

2. Whereas by regeneration, the Believer attains unto, and is made capable of, a more sublime and supernaturall blesse, by being made a member of Christ mysticall, to see and enjoy God in Him, by grace, and to be translated unto glory after death, which makes it desirable.

It is Objected, *Suppose the offer were made of a healthfull and lively body, with the liberty and allowance of all outward contents, with the speciall blessing of inward peace in the use of them, and freedom from all disturbance, which might allay that relish in the fruition of them, untill the end of time, and the coming of the Lord to the general Judgement: Should I not then rather make choise to remain in the body unto that day, then to separate from it, that it may be consumed in the dust, for that time?*

For answer: Let the suppositon be strengthened with all the Arguments that may warrantably be alledged, they cannot weaken the resolution of a Believer, nor ballance his disposition of

an

an instant and sincere desire to be dissolved (with submission to the good pleasure of Gods will, both for the time, place and maner of his removall) that, *mortality being swallowed up of life, we may put on, and be cloathed with immortality, life and glory*, freed of all ground of provoking God, or grieving Gods Spirit, and admitted unto His Presence, *in whose Face is the fulnesse of joy, and at whose right hand are all true, compleat and incomprehensible pleasures for evermore:* the body never being sensible of any losse, and the soul being over-joyed in the continued sense of unconceivable advantage.

Hereby the Believer, according to the growth of his faith and affection, is looking and longing for that day, when he may take possession in that *house, which is from heaven, and is eternall in heaven.*

And these Truths are so convincingly verified unto us by God himself, by Jesus Christ our Lord, and by the holy Spirit of God and of Christ, speaking in his Prophets and Apostles, and justified by instances of raising up the dead to life again: as, being past controversie, all objection is removed, except it be by the obstinate atheist, giving thereby undeniable signs of utter and irrecoverable rejection.

And how is it then that the Believer can be any

thing moved at the approach of that happiest of his dayes, unlesse it were unto an excesse of joy, from the sense of so joyfull a separation from a dying body lying under darknesse, unto a living Head, stated in all light and delight?

Shall the pangs of death restrain our desires, or abate our resolutions, in making through that strait entry, unto such certain and eternall felicities?

Would the Child in the mothers womb (if it were capable of sense and reason) make choise to remain everlastingly in that dark Cell, rather then to hazard upon what pains there may be in pressing out unto the light?

Would not the Prisoner, fettered in the Gallies, and there held under most cruell slavery (if he should be called out of that bondage) not only unto liberty, but also, in stead of his rags, Princely Robes presented to him: and of bands, the enjoyments of all desirable delights that the most flourishing Nation under the Sun could render, crowned with many dayes and years in the society of Princes and all Princely pleasures: would not the change be most joyfully imbraced by any that were not more then brutish? Now then, how far above comparison is this change, that the believing Christian is called unto, from so many sorrows and sufferings as our sin hath brought,

brought, and keeps us under, while we are in the body, unto a Crown of glory and immortality, to be cloathed upon with the Robes of our Redeemer his Righteousnesse, and feasted with the joyes that flouriſh in the Face of our Mediator: being the fruits of that Land, where there is no lesse then everlasting life, light, love, delight, resulting in superexcellent hymns and songs of eternall praise, in exalting the King and Saviour of Saints?

Is it not from the weakneſſe of our faith, and not keeping our spirituall senses in action, but sluggiſhly suffering our affections to frieze: that we are not still attending when we shall be called, to come out of the body, to enjoy this beatitude?

And why should we be so anxious of the maner, time or place of laying down our old cloaths? It becomes us well to intrust all to Him, of whom we are, and for whom we are, without whom nothing can befall us: who is goodneſſe it self, and of whom we had such reall proof, that He makes *all things work together for our good.*

And shall we distrust Him for our Conduct through death unto that Life and Kingdom that He hath purchaſt for us at so dear a price? Or shall we not rather desire to endure what we can

be

be able, for him, and to be with him who hath indured for us so much, to have us with him, from under the power, and out of the reach of the sting of death: which is now a vanquished enemy, and not to be feared: but become a friend, to be especially loved. And albeit the carnal part would keep us in exercise, under the apprehension of a swift and sudden death, which were dreadfull: is not the spiritual part to be the more studious *to make our calling and election sure*: and to be the more vigilant, with the wise Virgins, for the coming of the Bride-groom. And if a lingring disease be apprehended, it may prove a precious time for better preparation. If violent, and extreamly painfull, it is the more speedily past; If inflicted by the Persecutor of the Profession, in whatsoever maner, then it is accompanied with the highest degree of blessednesse: for *the Spirit of God, and of glory, rests upon you*: and, *great is their reward in heaven who suffer for righteousnesse*. And if by (that which the natural man calls) accident: seeing all things, in his eyes, *fall out alike to the good and to the evil*: Yet the Believer knows, that nothing falls out but by a well-ordered providence; *not so much as a hair of their head*, to their hurt, much lesse shall they be forsaken, when they have most ado with present and immediate supplie.

And

And whereas some of Gods Children, who have been of a long continuance in the Profession, singular in their conversation, and zealous in duties, have been at a very low ebb, for mater of comfort, in the time of their departure. And others also kept under much wrestling and conviction, when as some, of lesse note and esteem, have had all their sails filled with the sense of that soul-saving sweetnesse that meets them from the Mediator, at the time of their removall.

As also, some very weak men have been wonderfully born out, under most fearfull torments inflicted upon them by the Persecuter: and others of far greater expectation have fainted and fallen off, when the peril appeared: and yet haye been reclaimed by repentance, and found mercy.

Some also we see, that have lived very civilly all their dayes, have died under much darknesse, and without any signs of a gracious wakening: while as others, that have been most abominable in their lives, have made a glorious end.

And now, in contemplation of all these various dispensations, may we not, and must we not see, and adore the glory of the Lord, both in Soversignty and Wisdom? And is not every Believer, unto their own felt and sensible experience, in every passage of their severall exercises, exceedingly benefited, unto their increase of

of their inward and spirituall consolation? And the beholders, that are as yet making on to the way, helped unto incouragement and confirmation. Hereby also may all flesh be taught to finish their salvation in fear: to beware of swelling under sense, and of sinking under absence: of prescribing Providence, or ascribing any thing to our selves: but subscribing, and submitting absolutely, in all things, to the holy and good pleasure of His will, *with whom we have to do:* denying our selves, relying and depending upon Him, like little children: making our entry into the kingdom of heaven by what way He will have us to go, who is the Author of our vocation, preservation, perseverance and perfecting: resting in quietnesse and confidence, till we see the great salvation of God.

THE

THE CLOSE,

IN A

SEPARATION-KISSE

Betwixt two most intimate FRIENDS,

The *SOUL* and *BODY*.

By way of DIALOGUE betwixt

NATURE and GRACE,

Under the Names of

FLESH and *SPIRIT*.

Spirit.

DEar Saviour, now, my soul receive,
Flesh, blood and bones, slide to your grave,
And separate sleep from grief and pain,
Till gloriously we meet again.

Flesh.

Shall now these tearms, so oft repeated,
Be instantly, for all, compleated?
And must I now in dreadfull night,
Deprived be of Life and Light?

Oh,

Oh, had it not far better been,
This life that I had never seen?
Sweet Ghost, is there no remedy
But thou must go, and I must die?
For of a meeting, who can think,
When sinfull I in slime must sink?

Spirit.

It's true, no man by nature sees,
Nor can perceive these mysteries,
That by believing we conceive,
And do the earn'st thereof receive,
When our affections have been feasted
Upon the fruits that we have tasted,
We part a space our grace to try,
Thou'rt not annihilat more then I:
And thou redeemed art from death,
As I, and from eternall wrath.

Flesh.

I do confesse, and call to mind,
At former warnings of this kind,
By force of these truths truly tende'rd,
Sometimes my soul have freely render'd:
But now it seems that too too slightly
I have past by, not ponder'd rightly,
How I to thee, or thou to me
Shall come, or when, I cannot see.
Were we not first immortall made,
And but by accident do fade?
Canst thou not now who grace hes found,
Find also how we two be bound?
So fall incorporat may remain
Until our Saviour come again:

Spirit.

Spirit.

Dear Fleſh, reſiſt theſe carnall notions,
So marring and untimely motions:
Thou know'ſt it was our vile revolt,
That Paradice did on us bolt:
But now no loſſe incurres thereby,
Our Head exalted lifts us hie,
'Bove by creation what we were,
Then earth's below the higheſt ſtar.
When I was ſent thee to aſſume,
Could'ſt thou then know that I ſhould come?
That ſeed whereof thou was congeal'd,
Thy Parents from their food did yeeld,
Digeſted, which from fiſh, fleſh, grain,
And fruits they had receiv'd again:
Theſe groſſe ingredients whence were they,
But from worms, water, graſſe and clay?
Do not therefore, dear mate, repine,
But to thine element incline:
Till the refreſhing time returne,
And turne thee up out of thine urne.
When all the Elements ſhall ſweat,
Purging their droſſe with fervent heat,
And tendering out our ſubſtance true:
Like drops refin'd of Criſtal-dew,
While every ſoul ſhall be attending
Their bodies fitted for aſcending.
In that dread revolution glorious,
Dreadleſſe thou ſhalt aſcend victorious,
When all this world, theſe wordly frames
Shall be burnt up in fiery flames:

When all the Heavens shall be roll'd,
And at an instant roundly scroll'd:
Sun, Moon, Stars, Signs and Planets seen
No more, then if they had not been:
The glory of the Lord obscuring
All sights and lights were most alluring:
He, He alone, then only being
The sweetest Object of our seeing:
Nor shall there in this swirle be seen
Confusions, but conclusions clean
Appear from these purpos'd decrees,
Establisht from eternities:
Perform'd peremptorly in time,
Now at the tinkling of this Chyme.
Like as our Horologe, in part,
Keeping the method of the airt,
Unto the stinted time doth carry,
Not wearying nor seen to vary:
But at the period of the hours,
When she is most to shew her powers,
What strange combustion does it make,
As if in shivers it should shake:
And when that revolution's spent,
The second to essay is bent:
But when the time prefixt is run,
Must be renew'd before begun:
Right so our hourly changes are,
Which seem to us irregular,
They be by divine art compos'd,
And wisely done, as well propos'd:
So that this last of time shall crown
All that is past, with high renown;

Believe, believe, this shalt thou see,
With these thine eyes most certainly:
Were there not thousands in thy case,
When I was sent thee to imbrace
Into the womb: and can God misse,
Now in accomplishing thy blesse,
Me to direct again aright,
To fetch thee up unto his sight?
And I, so long who was conversant
With thee, and with thy case acquaint,
Shall I not know thee, love thee, move thee,
And thou delighted be to prove me:
So now confirmed in the faith to meet,
This be a kisse of separation sweet.

FLESH.

Dear soul, I dow not let thee go,
Nor dare I, sweet soul, say thee no:
Shall I refuse thee, thee my life?
Shall I consent? O fearfull strife!
I must agree my life to give,
Or grieve him, dying, by whom I live.
I am convinc'd I ought to yield,
Creation only wields the shield:
But death by sin doth beat it down:
Now new Creation is my crown:
It moves me likewise, dearest Lover,
Who art alone my nearest Mover,
To see thee thus so long detain'd
With me, where we be daily stain'd.
The Galley-slave in fetters ty'd,
With sad affliction daily try'd,

Can have no more deſire to be
Deliver'd hence, then thou of me:
And reaſon more, for he's but fred
Of grief, but thou with glorie clad.
I from this life have thee deferr'd
Too long, now let me be interr'd:
Suppoſe with loſſe of life I be
Divorc'd from thy ſociety,
So as thou may more bleſſe enjoy,
Then can compare with my annoy:
Sprent out, ſpring up at thy deſirings,
Poſſeſſe the priſe of thy aſpyrings:
For here I do conſent, and ſay,
Angels conduct thee in the way:
And I am moved to believe,
That thou wilt come me to relieve,
In that day of refreſhing clear,
Which we confide ſhall ſoon appear.

Spirit.

Enough, enough, it's all I crave,
Sincere ſubmiſſion to have:
For that I entered this debate,
Leſt our account ſhould come too late.
Now ſhall I further let thee ſee,
Thou ſhalt me fail, or I fail thee:
And would thou have me with thee hence,
When thou denuded art of ſenſe:
Thee to enjoy was my delight,
Albeit it was my drowſie night,
As thou a time muſt be abſented:
Yet are we ſo by faith indented,

And ſure ingrafted in our Head,
Living we be, when ſeeming dead:
Let us, while we do live, believe,
And ſo we ſhall, by dying, live.
Hence carnall thoughts, hence natures night,
Welcome now ſweet celeſtiall light,
Light, light, light, light, light, light ſo bright,
What we have ſeen ſets out of ſight,
And makes us to conceive of ſeeing,
Above the bounds of this our being.
Hence incredulity, vile ghueſt,
That faithleſſe fears does ſtill ſuggeſt;
O happy choiſe, by cloſely cleaving
Unto our Life, by firm believing,
Thy glory, by degrees begun,
Now freed of ſuff'ring, and of ſin:
And I ſhall ſtill attending be,
Again to be poſſeſt of thee.
The fathers of the former ages,
The greateſt, and the graveſt ſages,
The cleareſt Saints that e're were ſeen,
Our meeting there ſhall not preveen:
Where We our Huſband, Head, and King
Enjoying, ſhall his praiſes ſing,
In glory unconceivable, where we
Shall God, for evermore, adoring be.

The First and Second

RESURRECTION,

AND THE

GENERAL JUDGMENT;

Closing with a

SONG of DEGREES,

Ascending from what we were, to what we are: and from thence, to what we shall be after time:

AS AN

INTRODUCTION

TO

That New Song of endless Praise, to be taught in and entered unto, when there shall be no more time.

Matth. 25. 31. to the end. *When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, &c.*

1 Cor. 15. 12. to the end. *Now if Christ be preached, &c.*

THE Resurrection of the body, and the Generall Judgement, is universally acknowledged

ledged where Christianity is known, except amongst the brutishly ignorant, or the profest Atheist. But if it were so known and believed, as it is condescended unto, it would put Believers to a more serious study to try their condition, then they be at as yet; for, who could indure to know believingly, that, living and dying in their naturall estate, (without the interposition of a Mediator, and Saviour for their restauration) they being raised up to join with their soul again, should then be cast down in utter darknesse finally, and rejected of God totally, deprived of all further expectation of grace: the gnawing worm of conscience wakened, the wrath of a sin-revenging God upon the guilty person, where, in these everlasting burnings, amongst innumerable legions of devils, and numberless multitudes of condemned men, they be to indure eternal torment: Can it be imagined (say I) that any person, so believing, and that there were a possibility of recovery, could be in rest, untill they had (unto their utmost endeavour) used all imaginable means: not thinking any pains too great, if it were in compassing the Continent and the coasts of the sea, for timous relief.

If we, seeing one of our neighbours in the extremity of a Gout, a Gravel-stone or Gangren: And that we were certainly perswaded, that with-

in such a short space we should be in the very like condition, unlesse we did apply our selves to such a Person, who could assuredly prevent this so fearfull, terrible and horrible torment: would there be any delay made, or difficulty impede us in our journey, for finding out the Physitian? Much more, if he were at hand, making offer of our relief, and the removall of all our fears, could we make the refusall?

Again, Is it not evident, that the most part of men do intangle themselves in most dangerous travels and troubles, for gaining of a little uncertain treasure, pleasure or preferment, whereunto few attain? And where attained, is past before it be well possest.

Is it possible then, that if the Resurrection of the body, and the General Judgment were believed, and the blessed condition of those that have accepted of the offer of grace in time: and the utter ruine and eternall perdition of all such as have contemned this *Great-salvation*, to sieze upon them, in that day when *they shall call to the mountains to fall upon them, and cover them from that fierce wrath*, which undoubtedly they must tinderly for evermore? No certainly, it is neither probable nor possible, but, if these Truths were believed, there would be little rest amongst the Believers. untill they attained to that assu-

rance

rance of relief that might give them solide rest: And yet every man is so convinced, that none (that is worthy to have the name of a man) dar be so shamlesse as to deny such unquestionable truths: seeing, that thereby, they should be found to deny the Scriptures of God, dyted by His own Spirit, and the power of God, seen in the creation, and conservation of all things, the Son of God and the Saviour of the World, who in our own flesh hath died and risen again; who hath testified all these truths, and recorded them in His Testament to us, according as He had Himself experimentally tryed the unutterable joyes of the one, and the unsuperable dolors of the other to have been wrestled with, sustained and fred of; but by Himself alone, who was God to sustain, as He was man to suffer.

And yet for all this conviction and formall profession, what is the greatest part of all ranks doing, but deceiving themselves, satisfied with a brain-light, without any heart-change; a lip-religion, without any life-reformation? So reasonlesse is the rationall creature become, as to deny Him reasonable service, who is the Author of their reason in believing Him, and acquainting themselves with Him for their good. But to proceed: According to the difference betwixt the Believer and the unbeliever in life and death,

so is it after death when the Righteous Judge of all men shall give the finall sentence: Then shall the carnall man, who refused that great Salvation, which is now obtained by believing in the only Son of God, for the remission of sin, being laid down in the grave, bathed in the abominations of His apostasie, and impenitencie, be raised up again at the Latter-day, soul and body joyning to receive the irrecoverable sentence of eternall condemnation, and rejection from the gracious presence of God, unto the place appointed for them: And for the further manifestation hereof, the Lord hath been pleased to suffer some, being spiritually dead, and refusing to come to the Physitian of souls for life: and being thereby self-condemned, to ly under desperation and torment of conscience, even in this life: So that both word and example may joyn to the conviction of such as will not be converted.

Whereas the true Believer, who in their life had been dying unto sin, and attained unto the first Resurrection in living unto righteousnesse, laid down the body under hope, that at the second Resurrection, both soul and body being joyned again in that spiritual and incorruptible constitution, agreeable unto immortality, lift up the head with joy in coming before the Judge, knowing that all judgment is committed to the Son of God,

who

who is their Kinſ-man, Mediator and Redeemer, who knows well for whoſe tranſgreſſions He hes made Himſelf an offering, for ſatisfying the juſtice of God, that He may ſee His ſeed, the travell of His Soul, and be ſatisfied: That the pleaſure of the Lord, in juſtifying many, does proſper in His Hand, and in congregating, and uniting to Himſelf, who is the glorious Head, and making up all the Members in one Body, to become the fulneſſe of Him who fills all in all, that the Marriage-day may be ſolemnized, and the marriage fully accompliſhed before God and all the Hierarchy of Angels, Arch-Angels, Throns, Dominions, Powers, Seraphims and Cherubins, with Hoſannas and Hallelujahs, ſhouting for joy and ſympathiſing in all cordiall harmony, the praiſes of their King, the Author and Finiſher of their Salvation, with ſongs ſutable and acceptable to that all-glorious Auditory, and the glorified aſſociats and aſſiſtants in that unlimited circumference, whereof the All-bleſſed and infinite Eſſence of God is the incomprehenſible Center, and that from minutly renewed and revealed matter, without intermiſſion for evermore.

And for the further eſtabliſhment of which truth, ſome of Gods Children, even in this life, have attained the fore-taſtes of the firſt Fruits of theſe

eternall

eternall Consolations, that they are to feast upon after this life everlastingly.

And seeing it is so, and known to be so by the Believer, where should the furthest extent of his deepest apprehensions and greatest fervencie of his affections be fixed, but upon Him alone, by whom he shall injoy all this blesse, salvation and consolation.

And to this end, that as they know, they may commend, and as they prove, they may love and praise Him, according as they can attain to see and conceive Him, by the mirror wherein He shines, making Himself and His excellencies the matter of our songs, in the house of our pilgrimage, untill we come up to see Him as He is, and enjoy Him in the fulnesse of that blesse, by the earnest whereof we are sustained under Hope.

And for this end, let our study be to take Him up more particularly.

1. First, what He is in Himself.
2. And secondly, what He is to us.

1. He is in Himself,

1. *The mighty God, the everlasting Father, wonderfull Counseller, the Prince of Peace,* Isaiah 9. 6.
2. *He is the second Person of the all-adored Trinity.*

3. *His*

3. *His delight hes been from all eternity to be conversant with the sons of men,*

And for that end, and that the fulnesse of the God-head might dwell in him bodily, hes (by the operation of the Holy Ghost) assumed unto Himself the nature of man, from the seed of the woman, in the womb of the Virgin, whereby He becometh the kinsman, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, subject to all our infirmities (sin except) that He might be a mercifull and a compassionate high Priest, and a propitiatory sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour unto God, in giving full satisfaction unto justice for the sins of the Elect, in cancelling the hand-writing that spoke against them, and nailing it unto the tree of the crosse, when after the agony of His Soul, He gave His Body to be crucified, and His Blood to be shed for the Redemption of His beloved inheritance, whom He hes thereby justified, and will sanctifie and espouse to Himself: delighted to see the increase of His grace in the Believer, as the fruit and off-spring of the travel of His Soul, and to whom He hes made Himself known to be the only Messias.

1. First, As Christ anointed Priest, Altar and Sacrifice, to satisfie, and intercede for, and reconceal us to God: Prophet, to instruct us in all truth, and reveal the Fathers will to us: and

King

King, to renew and defend His ransomed flock.

2. Jesus, a Saviour, able to save to the utmost, and cleanse them from all their sins.

3. The Word incarnat, from whom all our spirituall life comes.

4. The Fountain opened, from whence flowes all our consolation.

5. The true Vine, and prime branch, whence influence ascends to all the members.

6. The morning Star, and Sun of righteousnesse, by whom we are illuminate and revived.

7. The Rock invincible, and Corner-stone, whereon our Salvation is built.

8. The Mediator, to procure acceptance to our persons, and grants to our petitions.

9. The Captain, who is only able to conduct us through the wildernesse with safety.

10. The bountifull Provisor for us, in the midst of all our malicious enemies.

11. The faithfull Witnesse, who for all our failings and faithlesnesse, will not deny Himself, who changes not.

12. This is our Emanuel, our strong and mighty God, who being with us, what is it to us who be against us; He hes trod the wine-presse of Gods wrath alone, and none with Him.

He hes bruised the head of the old serpent, that was lifted up against us.

He

He hes given the deadly stroak to all our enemies, led them captive, and cast them under chaines of darknesse, unto the condemnation of the great day: and were there ever man or Angel, could have imagined of such things to have been done for them?

And is it possible for us, out of the deepest of our conceivings, to think seriously of these wonders that the Lord hes eternally designed for us, and in time done for us, and not be ravished with the admiration of them, and over-joyed in belief of them?

And yet, what lesse could He have done for us? seeing it was His holy and eternall determination to espouse us to Himself; and for that end, to sprinkle us with His bloud, that we may be imbraced, and put beauty upon us that we may be loved by Him who is all love, and admitted to His Bed-Chamber, and Breasts of consolation, where feasting upon that all-fulnesse and unconceivable sweetnesse that is in Him, we may say and sing.

As we have heard, so have we seen
In the City of our God and of our King.

A SONG

A SONG OF DEGREES,

Ascending from what we were in Nature, to what we are in Grace, and thence to what we shall be by believing.

NOw Saviour dear, my soul receive,
Flesh, blood and bones slides to the grave
Grace hath procur'd, by argument
Of Nature, now, a full consent,
That the body shall remain
Asleep till I return again;
And that I shall approach and prove,
Sweet Saviour, now, thy saving Love,
Amongst these mansions shining bright,
Where souls are feasting on thy sight:
And at what instant thou dost call,
The body then assume I shall;
That thence restor'd for evermore,
We in thy face may God adore:
That seeing there as we are seen,
Where never cloud doth interveen,
Nor subtile serpent shall appear,
With syren songs to tempt the ear,

Nor

Nor interrupt our Songs of love,
So set our present thoughts above;
As is the Heaven of heavens, so far
From thoughts infirm, that finite are:
But yet because the Glory there
Transcends believing, let us spare,
And set our Songs in order right,
According to our present Light
Of faith, which fraught with wonders clear,
By pond'ring makes grac'd-men admire.
His Love and beauty still increasing,
While we His praises be expressing:
Let us make His Glorious Name
Our deepest thoughts, our chiefest theam:
So as we may with singing move,
In joyfull Songs of Praise and Love.
His Name, His Name most highest high,
Essentiall God in Majesty;
Who with the Father and the Sp'rit,
As Counseller, did take delight
In this most Glorious Universe,
And here with men for to converse,
By wisdome viewing all the wonders
That now appear, surpassing numbers;
In these magnificent degrees,
And statutes of eternities:
All things by Omnipotency,
From nothing, op'ning instantly.
Omniscience, all things observing,
His providence all things preserving,
In all their comings, goings, courses,
Places, cases, and recourses,

Accor-

According to their inclination,
Set by supream preordination,
Of that eternall counsell standing,
And unsearchably commanding:
Seen and unseen varieties,
Diversities, rarieties,
From that Infinity proceeding,
Transcending this dimm twi-light reading:
Even in these clear excellencies,
That obvious be unto our eyes;
Far lesse find out Him infinite,
In His perfections full compleat:
Incomprehensible and pure,
Uncheangable, that does indure:
But let our faithfull thoughts be fixt
Upon that new creation next,
Wherein we deeply be concern'd
To dive, and be divinely learn'd:
Not by the line of humane learning,
But by the spirit of discerning;
To know how that most fatall fall
The race of *Adam* damned all,
Deserv'dly left (and so forlorn)
In bands of death and darknesse born:
Till in that Counsell now admired,
That wisdom wonderfull umpired,
Mercy and justice entering band,
In upright righteousnesse to stand,
To ransome from that rotten flock,
And so redeem a saved flock;
By sep'rating a second Root,
That should produce a precious fruit.

And

And by a sappie substance firme,
Regenerat, renew, confirme:
Whereby the power of His Sp'rit,
The marvell of all marvels meer,
When Members mysticall implanted
Be in the divine nature sainted;
As being in the Head divine,
Where God doth in His fulnesse shine:
For by this mysterie adored,
Christ mystical's from death restored.
Here Soveraignity does shine,
And Love anterior to time,
Unto the Elect does appear
Illustrious, and shining clear,
Omniscience, observing all,
And every one about this ball,
In every one, and all their cases,
That by His pleasure He imbraces:
Omnipotency, such preserving,
As be convinc'd of no deserving:
His providences likewise prove
The firmnesse of His faithfull Love;
The travell of His Soul reviving,
In that all-wonderfull contriving,
And fully satisfi'd therein:
Because the fruit should purge our sin,
Whereby we ly in bands of wrath,
Until we do apply His death:
Opening our eyes to see, with grief,
Our selves, and Him a sure relief:
Firmly fixing in our thought
The wondrous wayes, whereby he brought,

From nothing us to nature, then,
From reasonlesse to rationall men:
From reason render'd reasonlesse,
Not standing in our steadfastnesse;
But prostitute to sinfull lust,
Were under death and darknesse thrust:
Again, this true, eternall Love,
Mov'd by His Sp'rit, again to move
Upon that then-confused masse,
More marr'd then the first Chaos was.
When this good Sp'rit to order wrought
That glorious work from nothing brought;
Whereby we may our weaknesse see,
The more observant hence to be:
Impressions pressing on the heart,
From which he never will depart,
Untill His Image be repair'd,
And we for glorie be prepar'd,
But guides us all the way we go:
And when we wander warns us so,
That through a world we are led
Of snares, that be before us spred:
Where swarms of devils are devising
Daily, our darkned souls surprizing;
And what a fray of lusts unclean,
Are from the spawn of satan seen;
Kindled, and cannot quenched be,
Untill corruption crushed be.
O wonder now! and wondering sing,
The praises of this wondrous King:
God His own Son, Gods sole delight,
The life of man, the worlds light;

Man

Man to redeem mans nature taking,
That he might die for mans up-making:
Obscur'd, be put to grief and bruſing,
And all with chiefeſt pleaſure chuſing,
In time prefixt, His Seed to ſee;
EMANUEL marvelous will be:
And now, as then, divinely ſeeing,
Imbraces in this glorious being:
Every minut under time,
Souls redeem'd from every clime,
Where this glorious Goſpel's ſounding,
Al airts and parts this globe ſurrounding;
Swarming up in ſeverall Legions,
Received in celeſtiall regions:
And ordered in prepared places,
According to their gifted graces.
This is our glorious King of Hoſts,
Sing to His praiſe, you bleſſed ghoſts:
For at His feet your foes do fall,
While He conveens, combines you all:
Becauſe your high and glorious Head,
His fulneſſe you and Members made:
His pains your gains, His glory now
Made Him delight to be with you.
Angels in theſe wonders uſing,
Minds apted rapted be in muſing:
And miniſtring their ſervice ſtill,
Adoring do His glorious will;
And Souls redeem'd their ſongs begin,
This glory as they enter in:
And we in contemplation now,
Delight to ſympathize with you:

In your triumphant ſtate adoring
Your King, and in His glory ſoaring:
Swiming in Oceans of delights,
And viſions of tranſcendent ſights.
Theſe glorious objects of your ſeeing,
The ſubject of your ſinging being,
When His comfortable reflectings
Shines upon your croſſe neglectings,
And your putting Him to grief
Meets with this Royal Grace-relief:
Seeing now as you are ſeen,
And knowing that you might have been
Amongſt the damn'd, by your deſerving,
Under utter darkneſſe ſtarving:
Where millions every minut rumble,
And in endleſſe torments tumble:
While you upon His face do feed,
And the righteous reaſons read
Of all His judgements, juſt and high,
That holy and unchanged be.
When all the Generations
Of men, ſince the creations,
And Angels, come, both good and bad,
To hear their ſentence ſweet and ſad:
When at the twinkling of an eye,
The wicked ſhall rejected be,
And will endure eternall pain,
Rather then ſee that face again,
In righteous judgement juſtly burning,
For their grievous guilty ſpurning:
When the Faithfull father'd aright,
Remain rejoicing in His ſight:

Who

Who be of His rich grace the ſeed,
And now incorporate in the head:
Wherein of God all fulneſſe growes,
And on the Members overflowes;
Here men and Angels clearly ſee
The Counſells of eternity,
Wherein the Son of God rejoyced
Eternally to ſee propoſed
This ſtate of Sonſhip to the Saints,
With whom eſpouſed now He haunts
In heavens of bleſſe ſo far above,
As is the heavens we ſee to move
This earth above, and paſſe accounts,
As infinite finite ſurmounts,
From ev'ry ſeverall ſoul, whoſe caſes,
Differs further then their faces:
But when in theſe infinities
We enter, and eternities,
And in the pleaſures thereof placed,
And glory there by grace imbraced;
According to the great deſign
Of God, our Lord doth then reſign
Power, Kingdome and authority
To God alone, who ſets him free
Of all his foes, who be brought down,
When he receives the Royall Crown
Of triumph, now Chriſt myſticall,
Fully compleat who filleth all:
Now in His Bride redeem'd rejoycing,
And ſhe with joy on Him repoſing,
In theſe vaſt dimenſions bright,
Where He alone is all her light.

Life, diet and delight alone,
The subjects of their Songs each one:
Nor could created-heavens contain
These glorious Songs, there heard and seen,
Sounding out from every airt,
And every soul a severall part:
And in such order sweet compos'd,
As all the heavens shall be rejoyc'd
In the unceſſant conſolation
Of this redeemed corporation,
When the King of Kings, the Head,
A King hes every Member made,
And Prieſt, to offer praiſes due,
And constantly their Songs renew.
But as we said, so let us ceaſe,
Towards these myſteries to preaſe:
Eye hes not seen, ear cannot hear,
Nor heart conceive, till we appear,
What for the Chosen was prepar'd,
And then it duely be declar'd:
Only by believing this,
Shall be above believing bleſſe:
And bleſſedneſſe, which might allay
All our wreſtlings in the way,
And under hope the soul ſuſtain,
Untill we may the fruit obtain;
When we shall joine, and be victorious,
In that triumphant ſtate ſo glorious;
And ſpringing through the Skies, ſhall ſing
All joyfull praiſes to our King.

FINIS.